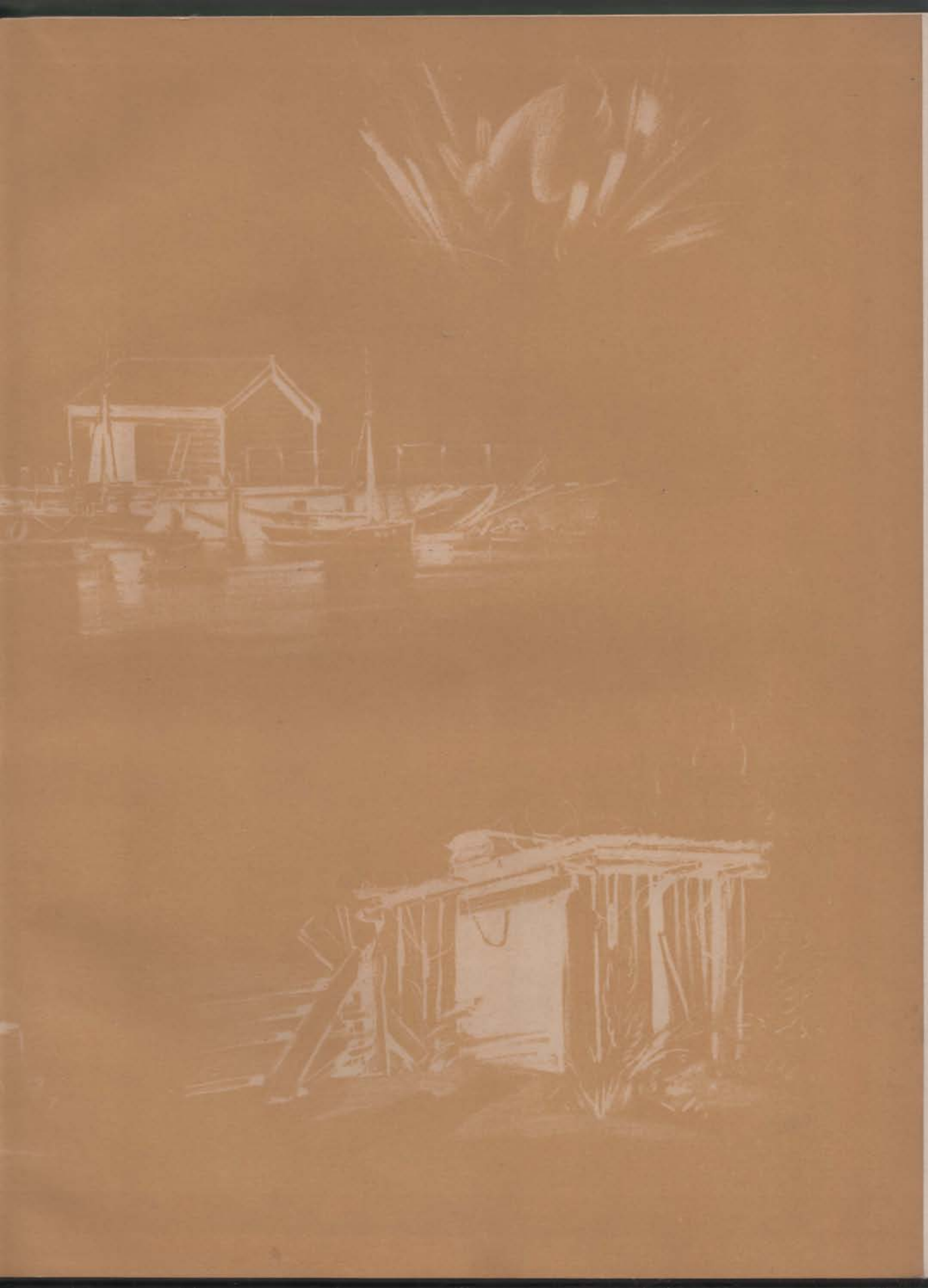


TASMANIAN

JOURNEY





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By

STANLEY BROGDEN

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REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, MELBOURNE,
FOR TRANSMISSION BY POST AS A BOOK.

First Published 1948

Second Edition, 1949

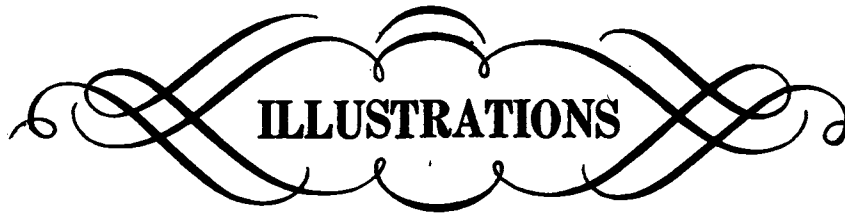
WHOLLY SET UP AND PRINTED IN AUSTRALIA
FOR PIONEER TOURS
BY MORRIS & WALKER PTY. LTD., MELBOURNE

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The writer is grateful for the following new friendships he made in Tasmania while writing this book :

*Mr. and Mrs. D. Harkess
Mrs. M. Corfield
Mrs. R. E. Easton
Mrs. I. Morgan
Mr. and Mrs. R. Nunn
Mrs. and Miss Hood
and Reg. Kinsella.*



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TASMANIA

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Hobart — Port Arthur

THE Pioneer Land-Cruiser and its driver are waiting at the Imperial Hotel door at 9.10 this morning when we come out into the street. Five minutes later, bags packed in the rear and ten tourists comfortably seated in the body, we start off along Collins Street. The radio tells us the winners of the draw being held at that moment across the road at Tattersall's offices, but none of us are lucky. So we go on round the block into Elizabeth Street and shoot down the main route going east out of Hobart — Liverpool Street.

Already there is plenty to see before we can introduce ourselves. The fine Royal Hospital on the right, all new brick and glass, flashes past as we leave the city centre and drive between the trees and lawns of the Queen's Domain. On a hill overlooking the Harbour, the Domain contains first the University of Tasmania, a group of stone buildings above the road, and then Government House, while the magnificently sited War Memorial looks over the Derwent on the right of us. Garden enthusiasts would be very interested in the grounds of Government House, for the old quarry from which the stone was taken to build the State Parliamentary Buildings was turned into a water garden.

A moment later we run down to the pride of modern Hobart — the Bridge. At one time the only thing which loyal Tasmanians would admit Sydney had that Hobart hadn't was a bridge, and now things are equal. Less conspicuous and certainly not as grand as Sydney Bridge, the Hobart Bridge was built by the enthusiasm of Albert Ogilvie, Premier from 1934 until his death in 1939. Ogilvie was probably the outstanding Tasmanian political figure of all time (Joseph Lyons was in Federal politics) and is remembered by the road up to the top of Mount Wellington, the new Royal Hospital, Area Schools, and the Bridge, all of which were begun or finished during his Premiership.

Ogilvie did not see the Bridge completed, but it may be regarded as one of the monuments to his drive and enthusiasm. Three-quarters of a mile long, the bridge lies on water 140 feet deep. Lies is the right word, too, for the bed of the Derwent is pure mud, and designers had to plan a structure that is largely floating. The main part of the bridge is a 3200 feet curved arch of reinforced concrete cells, anchored at the ends by great abutments. A moving span at the west end allows ships to pass up the river to industrial areas such as the Electrolytic Zinc Works at Risdon (we can see the smoke from these works as we cross the bridge) and the Australian Newsprint Mills at Boyer. Tasmanians claim this is the biggest movable span in Australia. When the bridge was first opened in 1943, strong seas coming up the harbour caused heavy damage. Now a breakwater has been built on the seaward side to protect it.

As we pause while the driver hands a chit to the attendants in the tollhouse at the city end of the bridge (3d. per passenger is paying off the cost of the bridge) we can see fishing vessels further down the harbour past the wharves. They are going past Sandy Bay to scrape scallops from the harbour-bed: these shellfish are famous all over Australia and form a big Tasmanian export. We will see similar sailing vessels and motor boats, with their unmistakable stern-gear for trawling, all along the South and East Coasts of Tasmania.

The view behind us as we cross the bridge is superb. Mount Wellington towers behind the city, the buildings looking as if they had been poured into the edge of the enormous Derwent River Valley which forms Hobart's harbour. The view vanishes as we climb up the road past Bellerive (where the ferry used to run from Hobart) and over the hills. This is the road we came along from Cambridge Airport and we notice several familiar views.

On the way to the airport we see raised foundations of an old railway and a tunnel under a hill: this is all that remains of the forgotten line to Sorell. One of the decaying buildings we pass was once a station.

We pass Cambridge in sight of Mount Rumney (on the right) and speed on through fertile, rolling country to the Pittwater, which we cross by two causeways. This was the first district settled beyond Hobart, and known in the early days as the Granary of Australia, because it produced enough grain to feed the hungry settlements around Sydney. The causeways, which are partly bridges, were built by convict labour between 1854 and 1872. The fine black bitumen road is rather more modern! However, we will see little of that road today, for we will branch off the East Coast Road (the Tasman Highway, as it is officially known) at Sorell.

Just before we run into the old town of Sorell somebody draws our attention to the innumerable fat, black and white birds that we have seen all morning, even in the Queen's Domain. They are lazy-looking and hardly bother to look up at passing traffic.

The driver says they are Black Breasted Plovers, one of the 47 species of Waders (*Charadriiformes*) seen in Australia, including snipe, curlews and sandpipers. Tasmanian law protects plovers so effectively that they are found in every paddock or clearing in the entire eastern half of the island.

Sorell (16 miles from Hobart) was founded in 1821 and was well in the news four years later when the bushranger Brady held it up. He rode in one evening to find the local troops cleaning their muskets after a day's kangaroo-shooting, and his men simply rounded them up. The troops were put in the local gaol, from which the bushrangers released the proper prisoners. The lieutenant, who would not surrender, was shot, and then the raiders looted the township. This outrage forced Governor Arthur to proclaim big rewards for the capture of Brady and his gang.

Brady had the reputation of being one of the few decent men among bushrangers. Transported to Botany Bay for a "gentleman's crime" (forging, which needed a good education as a background) he was sent to the Tasmanian horror station at Macquarie Island for insubordination. There he escaped in a whale-boat with a gang which kept the outlying districts of Hobart in a terror for several years. On the whole he was a kindly man, who avoided hurting people if he could, but he once forced a teetotal ex-convict servant to drink a full glass of rum. He pretended to be very sorry when the man died of it, of course. After a few years of fame, Brady was cornered in the mountains not far from Launceston by John Batman. Newspapers of those days say that during Brady's trial at Hobart many ladies in the courtroom were crying.



Looking over Cornelian Bay. Hobart.

However, Sorell today is a quiet little town near which two of Australia's most popular authors live. Roy and Hilda Bridges (brother and sister) are a few miles away on a farm which has been in their family for a century, while yet another writer, Louis Kaye, lived in the vicinity. Roy Bridges is author of many historical novels about Tasmania, many of them laid in the area between Sorell and Richmond. Louis Kaye is a mystery: those who know his real name are sworn to secrecy, but he has written many exciting novels of the Australian Inland which are well known overseas. Although he lives in Tasmania, Kaye has not written about the island.

Here we turn off the main Tasman Highway to run south to Forcett and then east across country to Copping and down along Marion Bay. This is a pleasant run through mixed bush and farming country, through the hills and along the coast to Dunalley. To see the exact situation, one must look at a map, but briefly we have come from the big bay (Marion Bay) to a small bay (Blackman's), which is cut off from the great expanse of Frederick Henry Bay by a narrow isthmus on which Dunalley township stands.

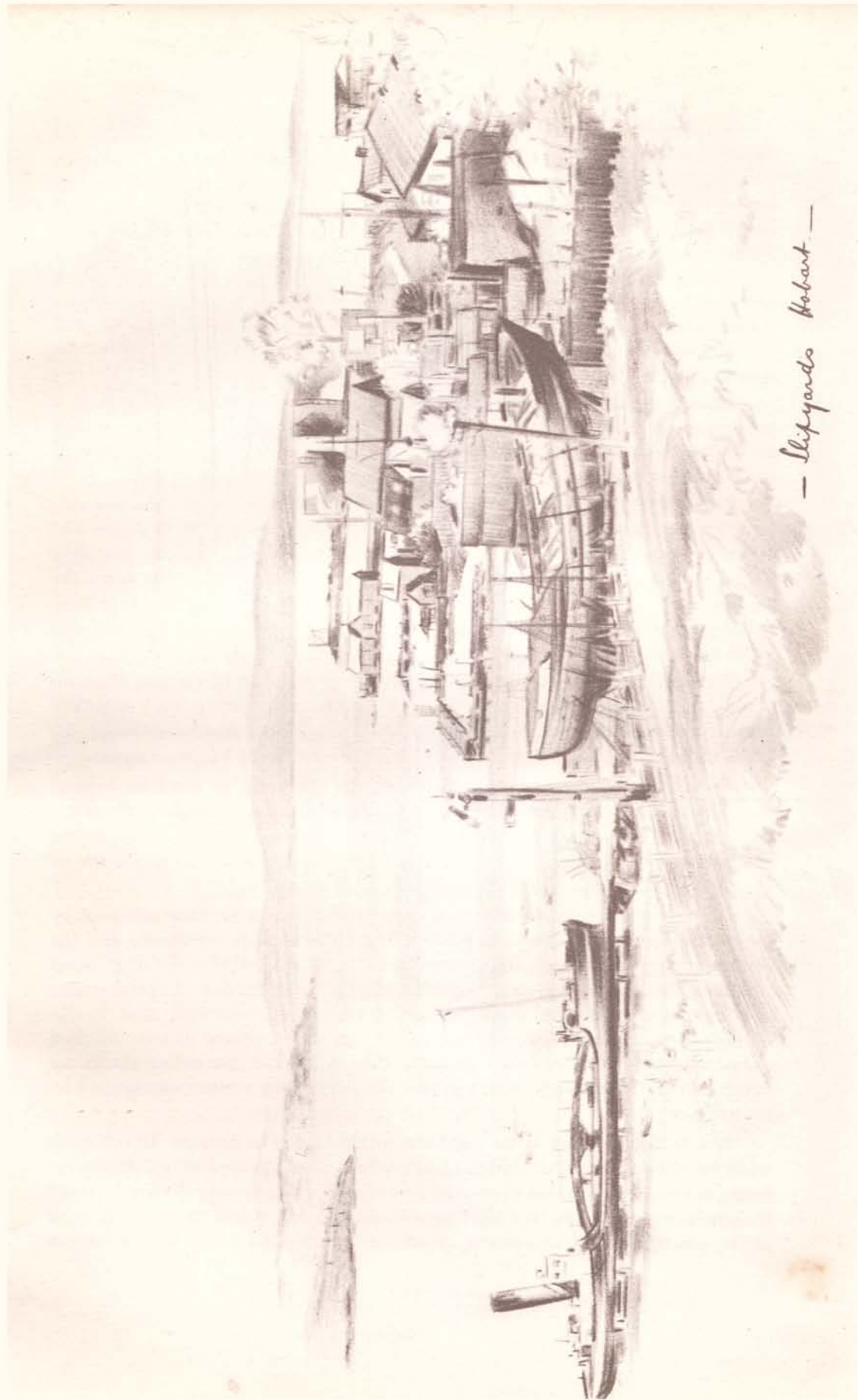
This stretch of coast is the most historic of all we will visit, for the first men who ever visited Tasmania came ashore here. In 1642 the two ships commanded by Abel Jansz Tasman, the discoverer of Tasmania, anchored in Marion Bay and a small boat was sent ashore with a party to take possession of the new country in the name of the States General of the Netherlands. As the surf was running too strong, the party could not go ashore, so a ship's carpenter swam through the waves with a flag and a carved staff. Tasman never landed in Tasmania himself.

Tasman was a modest man, and did not give the island his own name. He christened it Anthonij Van Diemen's Landt, in honour of the Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies, who had sent him on this expedition. The name Tasmania was not used officially until 1855.

Unluckily for the Dutch, the Lords Seventeen of the Dutch East India Company did not regard the discovery with any favour. Van Diemen's Land was forgotten and Tasman and his officers received a bonus of two months' pay for adding Tasmania, New Zealand, and the Fiji and Tonga Islands to the world's charts. When you reflect that the mountains which Tasman first sighted included Mount Lyell, one of the world's greatest copper deposits, the situation has its humour.

As we look over the quiet waters of Blackman's Bay, where Tasman anchored on December 1, 1642, and where the carpenter Pieter Jacobsz swam ashore, we can imagine the scene. Those adventurous days are commemorated by a memorial erected on the edge of the Bay, near the Dunalley fish cannery, by the Royal Society of Tasmania in 1925. This may not be the exact spot at which the carpenter landed, but Tasman's men probably tramped round that area when they were exploring the coast.

On the other side of Dunalley, a canal connects Blackman's Bay with Frederick Henry Bay. Until this was dug by sheer manpower (no mechanical shovels in those days) fishing vessels had to sail out of Marion Bay and down the coast, round the peninsula, to reach Frederick Henry Bay fishing grounds.



— Shipyard Hobart —

We cross the canal by a bridge, passing the tiny house occupied by the canal caretaker and his family.

Then the bulk of Forestier's Peninsula swells out like a blown paper bag beyond the isthmus. The road skirts Norfolk Bay (the continuation of Frederick Henry Bay — there are bays all over the place here !) through what are known as the Sounds.

There are few more beautiful drives than this run along the Sounds. On a calm, sunny day, the Bay spreads out before us in successive panoramas : Mount Wellington is a misty grey mass in the distance. Few farms break the bush, and it is very doubtful that this country will become general farmland. It will remain notable only for its scenery.

Then the peninsula closes again to form Eaglehawk Neck, which is only a hundred yards or so wide. We catch glimpses of the Neck as we wind our way down three miles of bush road, and after one big turn we stop to look at one of the finest views on earth.

Below is the narrow Neck, mostly sand and grass tufts, edged on either side by a first-class beach. On the seaward side, the Tasman Sea rolls in on steady surf breakers, while on the Norfolk Bay side (to the right) the water is calm, reflecting the hills about it. The driver starts the coach again quietly, and coasts down the hill past the Lufra Hotel, to which we will return to spend the night. He tells us that Pioneer Tourist Hotels Pty. Ltd. are building a new luxury hotel on this site. What a situation !

To the left are several rock outcrops standing high out of the sea; they are islands at high tide. Through fieldglasses we can see a white mark which is actually a tombstone erected to the memory of the Indian who once owned the Lufra Hotel. His ashes are said to have been buried there at his own request.

Far ahead, on the seaward side of Tasman Peninsula, as the land beyond the Neck is known, are several curious islets shaped like semi-circles. These are the Hippolytes, first reported in 1792 by the French explorer D'Entrecasteaux and named after one of his cadets, a lad who was later killed in the Battle of Trafalgar.

On the right are the remains of the old military barracks, once occupied by the troops guarding the Neck. In convict days a line of dogs stretched across the narrowest part of the Neck, from water to water, so chained that the dogs' noses would be about six inches apart when the chains were extended. Legend relates that the troops encouraged sharks in the Bay by feeding them with meat, to discourage convicts from swimming to freedom across the narrow waters. Modern Tasmanians are not friendly to this story : they claim that man-eating sharks are never seen in Tasmanian waters, and that the story was a rumour encouraged by the military.

In any case, the Bay to the right *was* swum by the bushranger Martin Cash when he escaped from Port Arthur. Cash, who was transported to N.S. Wales for trying to kill a rival in a three-cornered love affair back in County Wexford, served his sentence on a station. But after he was released he got into trouble over some cattle, quarrelled with an overseer on another station, and finally decided it was



... nearing Eagle Hawk Neck.

safer to go to Tasmania. Down there he was seldom out of trouble, and in 1840 the police sent him to prison. Cash was a hard man to keep between walls. After several escapes and recaptures, the exasperated police sent him to Port Arthur. Even the Port's prisons could not hold him. He swam the Bay unharmed, but was caught on the mainland side of the dogline. Sent to the quarries — an extreme punishment — he met two bushrangers, who joined him in a successful break.

Cash was a very lucky man: after he killed a policeman he was sentenced to death, but promptly reprieved. In the end he died peacefully in his bed after working as a gardener in Hobart. His autobiography is a popular book in Tasmania today.

The dogs guarding the Neck, and the shark rumour, restrained most convicts from trying to escape. Cash was the only man ever to make two breaks out of Port Arthur. Tasman Peninsula and Port Arthur were ideally situated as a convict settlement — from the point of view of the authorities! The peninsula was covered with rugged mountains and dense bush, the coast was dangerous because of frequent storms, and the only contact with the mainland of Tasmania was by sea or along the Neck.

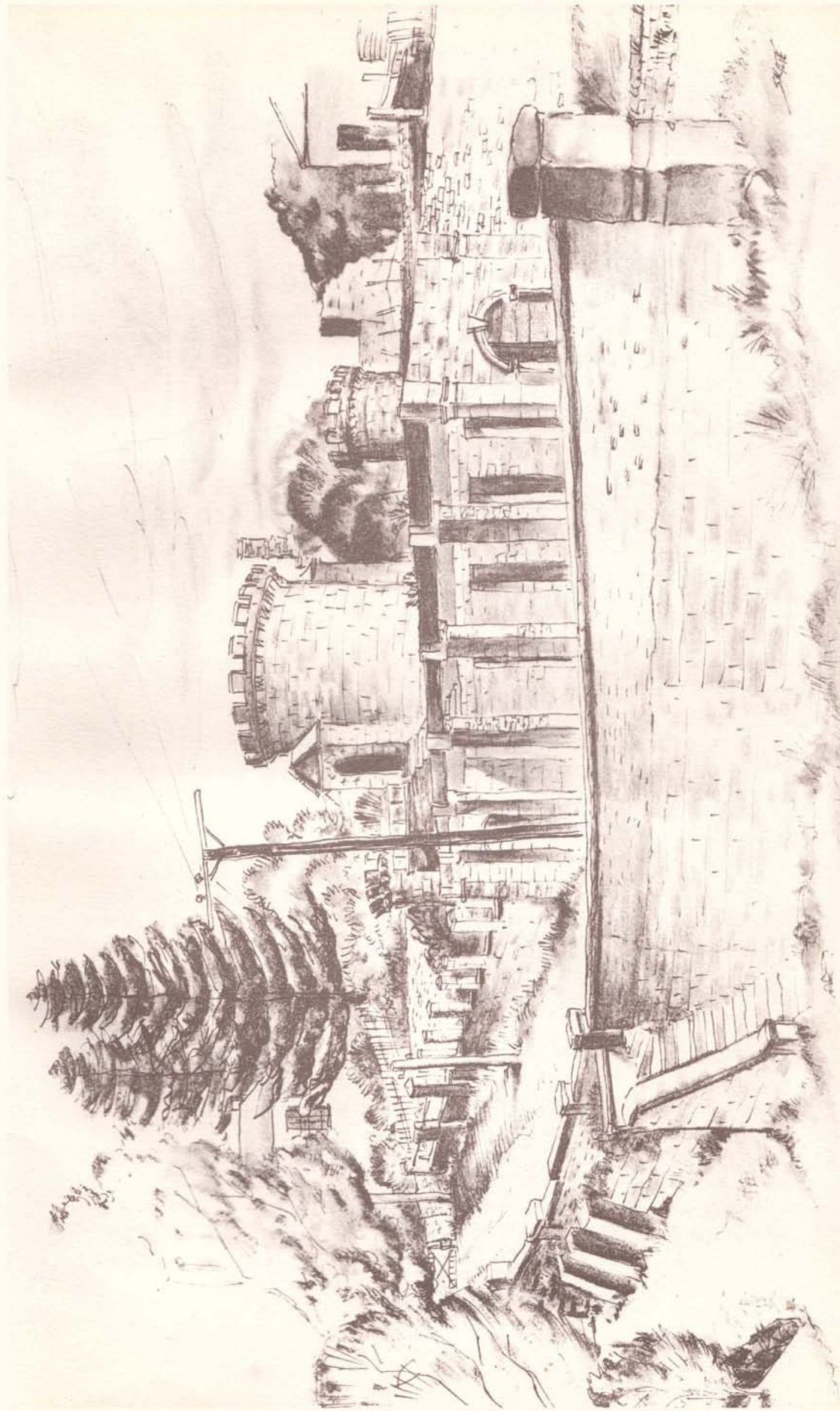
The road from the Neck runs close to the narrow waters of Eaglehawk Bay, where we can watch the mountains towering above. Hell's Gates, where Cash started to swim, is two miles from the Neck, near a lone peak known as Cash's Lookout. In the distance is Woody Island, in a lovely bay setting. There are few prettier drives in Tasmania.

Past the little settlement of Taranna, we cut inland across the Peninsula, after glimpsing the broken-down and deserted remains of the wharves once used by the prison authorities for loading timber. Wood, cut ready for manufacture into fruit-cases, is shipped from Taranna today, but from a new and safer jetty. The old wharves are rotting and gaunt, and the former storehouses little better.

On the other side of the road, pointed out to us by the driver, is the foundation of the old convict tramline which ran through the bush to Port Arthur. The trams were primitive, open trolleys which were pushed by convicts. Passengers and cargo were landed at these Norfolk Bay wharves and trundled over the 4½ miles of bush tramline to Port Arthur. In the later years of the convict settlement fine harbour works were built at Port Arthur, and most passengers and cargo were then brought direct by sea from Hobart. To the 50 convicts employed on it, the tramline offered only hard work, although the trams in places gained speed down steep grades, sometimes up to 40 miles per hour. In those days that speed was a great thrill.

A few miles further on, we come to Long Bay, from which the waters of Port Arthur branch. Past Oakwood we have charming glimpses of the Bay and follow between two rows of trees — a delightful lovers' walk. Then we run up the hill into Port Arthur itself, past the old church, and stop outside a hotel that was once the Chief Medical Officer's house.

While awaiting lunch, most visitors take keen interest in the publican's collection of relics and photographs connected with Port Arthur and the surrounding country. Some of the pictures were taken during the filming of the famous novel,



General view - Fort Arthur

"For the Term of His Natural Life." This was a film of world-class back in the silent days.

On sale here are such books as J. W. Beattie's "Port Arthur" and Bev. C. Smith's "Shadow Over Tasmania," which give a quick background knowledge of Port Arthur before the guide takes us over the ruins.

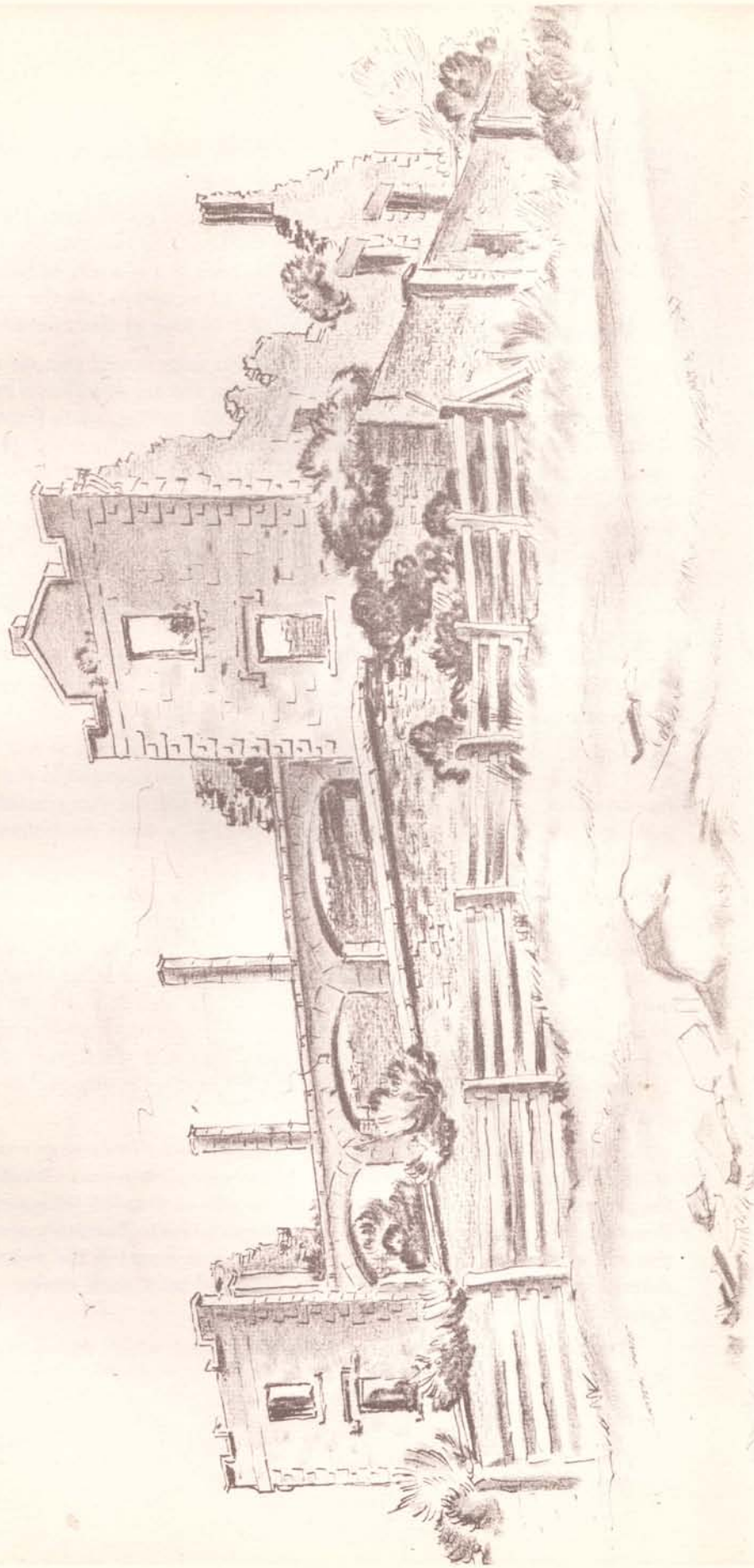
Today, Port Arthur is a pretty little township, where life is quiet and tourists are the only excitement. Plantations of English trees (h'oaks, h'ellums, and h'ashes, as the guide describes them) are set in green fields, while the township is lined with hedges and old stone walls crumbling with age. Beyond is the Bay, bright blue on a clear day; behind, mountains roll away into the interior of the Peninsula, where timber-cutting is the principal industry. The English oaks and elms, and some ivy-clad ruins, make a typical English setting from which a scattering of gum trees does not detract.

There are many books on Port Arthur — though none better than Marcus Clarke's novel, "For the Term of His Natural Life" — and all contribute to give a good picture of the township's early history. Briefly, its story began when Governor Arthur decided to close down the hell-camp at Macquarie Harbour, on the far side of Tasmania, because of its unaccessibility.

An advance party chose the site of Port Arthur in September 1830, and within a few years this convict settlement became the third largest town in Tasmania. Its area of control extended even to the penal settlement at Norfolk Island, a thousand miles away. In the 1850's, the population was 9000, every man or woman being either a convict, a soldier, a guard, or an official. Free persons were compelled to secure special permits to land at Port Arthur.

Most outstanding of the Commandants was Captain O'Hara Booth, who, incidentally, once nearly lost his life when he was bushed near Eaglehawk Neck. During his eleven years of administration, Port Arthur became a town of first-class buildings. Land was reclaimed on the Bay and excellent harbour works constructed. The flat land in front of the township, fronting the Bay, was reclaimed during the Booth period.

Bev. C. Smith's book makes it clear that the actual horrors of life at Port Arthur have been greatly exaggerated by unscrupulous thriller writers. It was bad enough, by modern standards, but for those days it was very fair. One should remember that the working classes in England lived so poorly that many committed crimes for the express purpose of being transported to New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land. Norfolk Island was the real "hell" of the South Pacific, a place that might be known as Britain's Devil's Island. The Port Arthur prisoners were well fed by the standards of the period, and in later years they could not be flogged, although the troops who guarded them could be lashed for minor crimes. Their quarters were good and, apart from the coalmines and quarries, which were worked by "hard cases," their work was not onerous. The coalmines on the northern tip of the Peninsula were, however, indefensible. There, convicts produced coal for Port Arthur and Hobart under the most dreadful conditions. Only a small percentage of convicts sent out to Australia ever saw Port Arthur, for, apart from the fact that most went to N.S.W., most of the Tasmanian prisoners



'Hospital' Port Arthur.

were distributed through the island as cheap labour for farms and businesses. That was the basic idea behind transportation.

But Tom Free, the guide, is ready for us, full of good spirits, friendliness and knowledge. Halting in the road outside the hotel, he reminds us of the historic background of the hostelry and tells us that once it was a row of houses occupied by officials from chaplain to surgeons. The old rectory is now the post office. All the old places are solid masonry, with English-looking gardens outside.

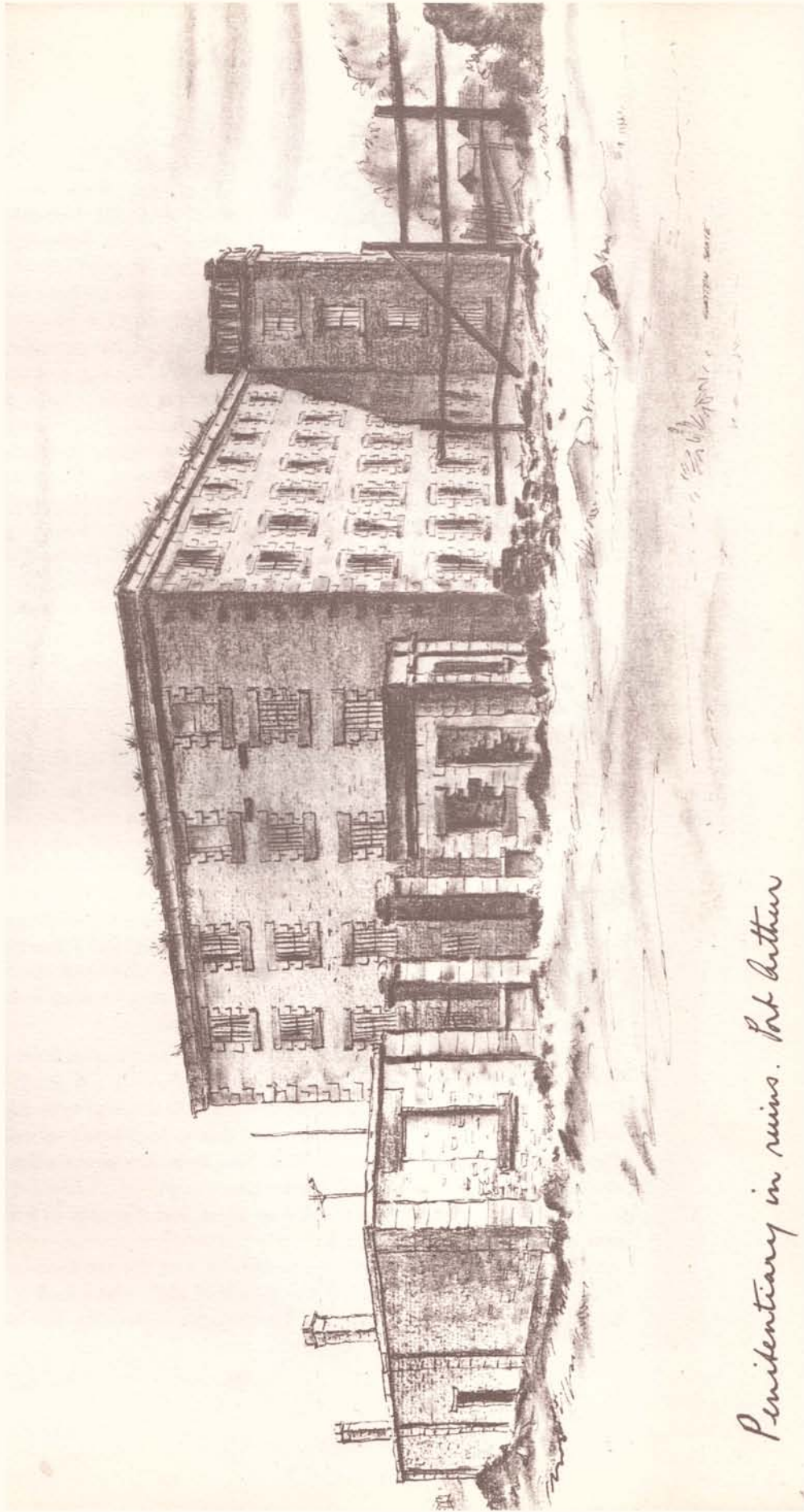
Then we go on to the Church, which was once spired and set at the top of an avenue of oaks. The oaks are still there, but the old orderliness has gone. We have to use our imagination to see again the old setting, when ladies in bonnets and crinolines, officers in scarlet and gold, and officials in drab grey and black, came to church on Sunday mornings. There is no more picturesque relic in Australia today than this ruined church, which might belong to Wiltshire or Carmarthen and the 16th or 17th centuries. The handsome gate at the top of the oak avenue has gone and the steeple was blown down in a storm in 1875. Yet the clean lines of the building are a testimonial to the man who designed it. He is said to have been a convict — architect named Mason, who was, according to the story, pardoned because of his work on this church, and became a well-known figure in Sydney and New Zealand. Then again it is stated that a Public Works Department clerk, Blackburn, designed it. This man was later Town Surveyor of Melbourne.

Legend also relates that a ghost haunts the church ruin at odd times of the night. This is based on the historical fact that a man engaged in the construction murdered one of his mates. During the building, too, another convict was caught making coins from the lead used on the roof — a most Australian example of initiative!

Standing inside, we can see that the church must have been a magnificent building, but the superb stained glass windows and wall decorations that were the work of convict-artists have now disappeared. The building could seat 2000 worshippers. And there was once a clock, with a peal of bells, some of which are now at New Norfolk. Until seventy years ago the church was in its original condition, but first the steeple was blown down and later two bushfires swept through the entire settlement and burned away the roof and woodwork of the church. The same fires wreaked havoc in all the other convict buildings, but none was so missed by lovers of fine buildings as this.

After the church, we are taken by a ruined house that once served as the home of the Governor of Van Diemen's Land whenever that dignitary visited Port Arthur. On the way to the Model Prison, Tom Free tells us that the settlement was abandoned in 1877, twenty-four years after transportation to Tasmania ceased. Most of the prisoners were then getting on in years and resented the evacuation: they detested the Hobart Gaol, which was regarded as a slum compared with Port Arthur.

On the right are the remains of the dairy farm, which was worked mostly for the officials and their families.



Penitentiary in ruins. Fort Arthur

The Model Prison, today an almost complete ruin, was the terror of all convicts sent to Port Arthur. Yet in its time it was intended to be an idealist method of handling recalcitrant criminals who would not bend before ordinary disciplinary measures. It was copied from the well-known Pentonville Prison in England, which was then regarded as the ultimate in the science of reforming criminals.

The building was shaped like a cross, with a central hall, from which ran four blocks, each of 15 cells. Segments of the surrounding circle formed workshops, stores, cookhouses and administrative buildings, and all were surrounded by a high wall. Inside the prison there was complete silence. No prisoner could communicate with another by any method. He was alone in his cell and could call a warder only by pulling a handle which connected with a signal system. Stone floors were covered with matting to deaden the sound of boots. The "dumb cells," in which men were isolated for days, weeks or months, according to sentence, in complete darkness, were guaranteed to break the toughest spirit. When the guide closes us inside one of these cells for a moment behind the multiple doors, a sense of sheer horror comes over us. And yet this was the system installed by "kindly" prison chiefs to replace the old system of flogging. The Model Prison was really intended as a humane punishment after the lash had been abolished !

The one time in the week when the inmates could use their voices was in chapel on Sunday, though each man was hooded and locked in a separate pew, so that he could not see a mate or communicate with him. But he could sing and hear others sing, and that was his great treat for the week.

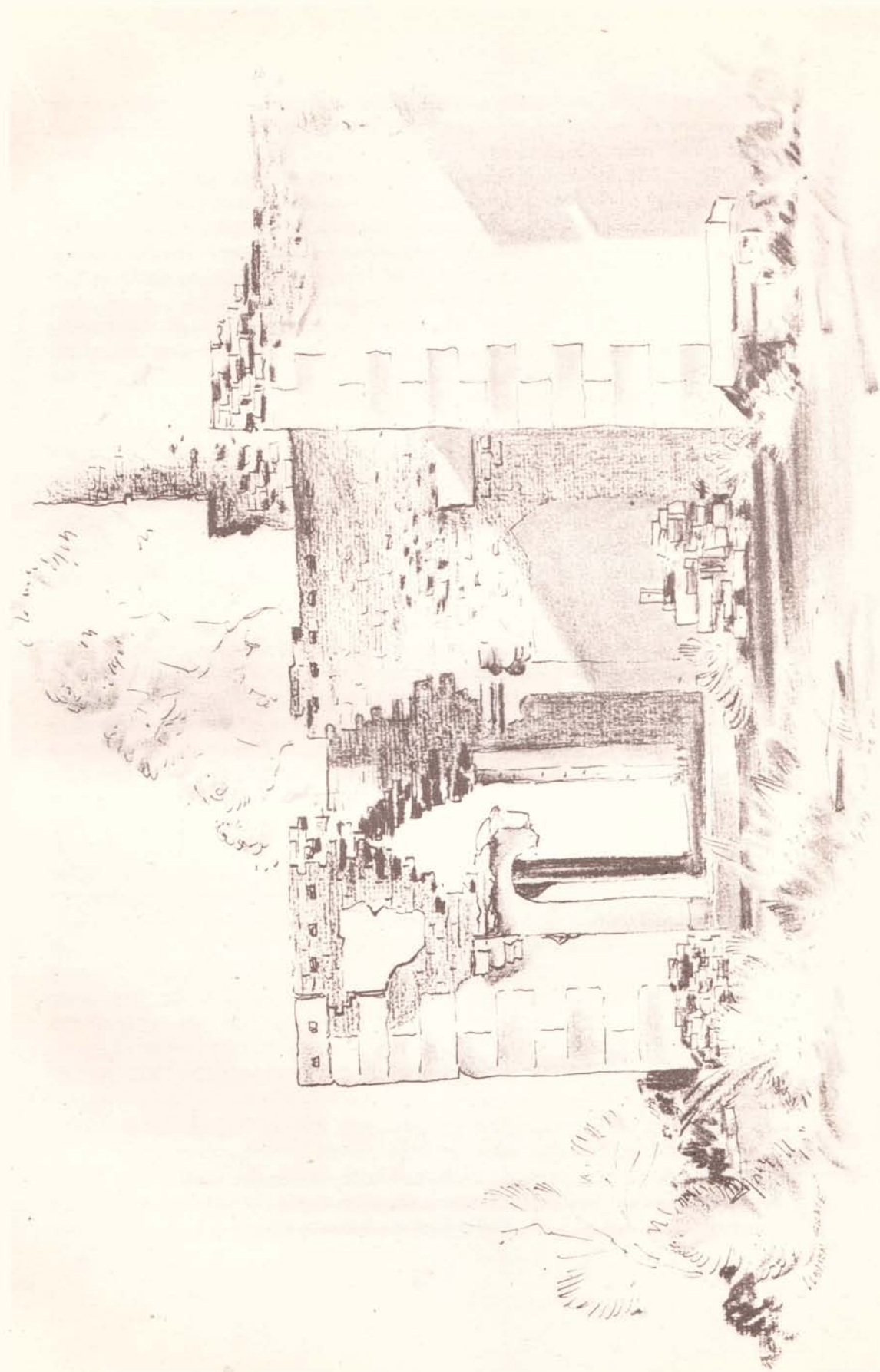
Of all the ruins in Port Arthur, this place gives the worst shudders. The air seems sweeter when we leave the Model Prison.

Tom Free tells us the building with a tower behind the Model Prison was once the Lunatic Asylum, now the municipal offices, he chuckles. Beyond the trees is the ruin of the invalid depot and down on the main road are the foundations of the warders' quarters. The Hospital ruins are on the hill above us. Beyond them are the military barracks, from which the troops had excellent views and angles of fire over the entire settlement, just in case of trouble. The real nightmare of Port Arthur was in the minds of troops and officials, who dreaded the possibility of a revolt. The group of buildings lower on the hill includes the Guards' Quarters, Commandant's Office, Watch Tower and Powder Magazine, the last a castellated tower containing cells lined with plate iron three-eighths of an inch thick. Beyond, among the trees, is the Commandant's Residence.

We go down on the reclaimed land, which is now a recreation ground. In front of the imposing remains of the Penitentiary, boys kick a football about the grass. Once this enormous stone building held 657 prisoners, with separate cells and dormitories. Of the four floors, the first was a double tier of cells, the second a great messroom, and the third dormitories. From the cookhouses in the right end of the building lifts took food to the messes.

This building was once a very fine affair, but it is now in such bad condition that visitors are not allowed in it.

The house on the hill, the guide tells us, was the residence of William Smith O'Brien, one of the Irish rebels of the Revolt of 1848, who was sent here from Maria Island after an attempt to escape. The house was built for him and he was given



'Ruined doorway' Port Arthur

every possible comfort. On the other hand, he was watched every minute of the day and not allowed to move about the settlement, a treatment which was worse than imprisonment to a man such as he.

O'Brien was one of a group of Young Irishmen, as they were known, transported for alleged conspiracy to rebellion. He was later pardoned and returned to Ireland. His friend O'Doherty, a doctor, became a politician in the Queensland Parliament, while another of the group became a brigadier-general in the Federal Armies in the American Civil War. None of them was treated as a convict in Tasmania, where they received special consideration as "politicals."

Tom also indicates Point Puer, where boy prisoners were kept. All that remains today are a few undergrounds cells. In its day, it was a cruel place: boys of ten upwards went there to face flogging, insufficient food, and harsh discipline for the most minor crimes committed in England. The two lads who joined hands one day to jump to the peace of death over a cliff came from this station. Point Puer bred criminals of such cruel type, revolting against the cruelty of their masters, that the authorities realised their mistake in 1857 and closed the place. We do not visit it.

Lastly, Tom points to the Isle of the Dead, a two-acre islet in the Bay, apparently covered with trees. Actually, it is one great grave. Freeman and convict both were buried there from 1830 to 1877, but only the 180 freemen are remembered by tombstones. The 1769 convicts remain unmarked, as they might have wished.

The only men who ever lived on the island were Barron and Mark Jeffery. Barron is given considerable space in a well-known travel book by Anthony Trollope, the English novelist, who visited the Isle of the Dead for a long talk with him. Jeffery was a hard case, who defied the authorities to break his spirit, even in the Model Prison. A former burglar, he volunteered to live on the Isle, survived to secure a pardon, and died at a ripe old age peddling in Launceston. He wrote a book about himself which you may find in mainland secondhand bookshops.

Among the dead on that Isle is Dennis Collins, a sailor who threw a stone at the Sailor King, William IV, during a race meeting.

Port Arthur itself housed many interesting people, among them the artist-author-poisoner-forger Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, about whom Oscar Wilde wrote an essay. Undoubtedly a versatile gentleman, Wainewright helped decorate the Church, and several of his paintings and drawings are in the Hobart and Launceston Museums. He had a knack of making plain young ladies look lovely, but that did not secure his freedom. He died, still a convict, in 1862, of the most unromantic affliction of apoplexy. Another citizen claimed to be the illegitimate son of Lord Nelson, while yet another, a naval lieutenant who was one of Queen Caroline's chief witnesses in her fight to secure her rights from George IV, spent many years here after forging widows' pension papers in London. They were an interesting lot.

At the shop-museum in Port Arthur are many relics of the old days and many documents dating from the earliest period of the settlement.

As we drive away from the reclaimed land outside the Penitentiary, where boys kick a football on a stretch that was once echoing to the tread of redcoats and convicts, we are rather quiet. Port Arthur is a sobering place.

Eaglehawk Neck — Triabunna — Swansea

THINKING over our visit to Australia's only convict ruins, we run back over the road to Eaglehawk Neck. As we pass the terminus of the convict tram-line, the driver tells us this was actually the first railway line ever put down in Australia, for the cars ran on iron rails.

At the beginning of Eaglehawk Neck, we turn right to drive a little way down the north-east coast of Tasman Peninsula. There is a growing holiday centre here in the bush a mile or so from the Neck, where vacation huts and little homes for retired people are springing up. Pioneer drivers call it "Do-Town," because nearly every house or hut has a "Do" in its name: Do-Us, Do-I, Do-Me, etc. A few minutes later we stop near the cliffs.

Here we see three of the wonders of Tasmania — the Blowhole, Devil's Kitchen, and Tasman's Arch. These are freaks of nature formed by the action of heavy seas pounding the high, rocky cliffs of the Peninsula, which are tunnelled by the incessant action of the waves. In bad weather the Blowhole is a dangerous spot, safe as it looks, for the sea often bursts right across the rock ledge on which people may stand quite safely in good weather. The waves could drag a man back into the hole under the cliff before anybody else would realise it. And the man would be beyond hope. Many people who neglected to take care have had very narrow escapes here.

Most impressive of the three, probably, although it is an individual choice, is the Arch. This enormous chasm in the cliff is an awful sight in the ancient sense of the word: even the least imaginative visitor must be awestruck by those vertical cliffs which fall away under his very feet. Yet it was here that the escaped convict in Marcus Clarke's novel sought refuge. He would have been safe enough in those depths! What a shock the discoverers of this chasm must have had when they suddenly noticed that the ground ahead fell away in a precipice.

Then we run back to the Lufra Hotel for the night. As we have a half-hour to spare before dinner, some of us walk down the steep paddock in front of the hotel to the beach and turn left to visit the Tessellated Pavement. Visitors often compare this to the Giants' Causeway in Northern Ireland, but the Pavement is much smaller. It is a fine example of mudstone, a conglomerate which forms in perfectly shaped oblongs and squares. The sides of the individual pieces are mathematically correct, pure right angles, and flat. People from the hotel who have tested them with spirit-levels have found them accurate.

Walking back, we have a wonderful view of the beach, curving away in the distance. The bay on the seaward side has two popular names — Pirates' Bay or Monge Bay. Monge was surgeon with Baudin's French expedition. History has forgotten him, but it has not forgotten the pirates concerned.

In 1822, George Meredith was returning to Hobart Town in a schooner and put into the bay for fresh water. A party of bushrangers was waiting when the sailors came ashore, overpowered them, and seized the ship. They were finally wrecked on the Queensland coast, but little seems to be known about them. Today the only disturbance in the Bay is made by the dolphins.

The sand here is excellent and the beach would be very popular if it were nearer a city. As it is, the land all round the Neck has now been sold for holiday homes. In a few years much of the surrounding bush will be stripped and the district will be a big holiday centre.

After dinner — which includes very fine grilled fish — we chat with some of local people, who tell us that this district is drenched with historical associations.

It was into Tasman's Peninsula that Governor Arthur tried to sweep the surviving natives from the rest of the island in 1830. The atrocities that had been committed against the blacks by troops, escaped convicts, bushrangers, and even the free colonists, appalled Arthur. "The wounded were brained," says West in his history, "the infants cast into flames; the bayonet driven into the quivering flesh; the social fire around which the natives gathered to slumber, became before morning their funeral pile."

To save the survivors of the race, Arthur drew what he called "The Black Line" right across Tasmania, from St. Mary's on the East Coast, through Ross to the Western Tiers. On October 7, 1830, a force of 3000 troops, police and civilians, strung out in a great skirmishing line, moved off to sweep the Blacks south-east into Tasman's Peninsula. The staff-work and organisation were excellent, with depots every few miles. But the rainy weather and the wild country defeated the plan. The Blacks merely evaded the parties, and when the 3000 closed on the Peninsula and further parties searched beyond the Neck, it was reported that only an old man and a small boy had been captured. And they had been caught by accident asleep under a log. The Black Line cost the Colony £30,000.

The Black troubles were ended with the help of G. A. Robinson, a bricklayer, who persuaded the survivors of the Tasmanian race to come peacefully into a special settlement on Flinders Island. One of his native assistants was a woman named Trucanini, who was the last full-blooded Tasmanian native when she died in 1876. Her skeleton is in the Hobart Museum.

Reflecting that most of the stories about this part of Tasmania seem to be concerned with violence, we go to bed after a most interesting day.

When we awake we can hear the surf faintly pounding on Pirates' Bay Beach. Out for an early walk, we see one or two dead penguins on the sand. Behind us the sea-mist is rising from the rocks which hold the ashes of the former owner of the Lufra Hotel.

At 9.15 we are away again through the bush-road, admiring the first-class timber and the bay-views all the way to Dunally. At Sorell we stop to post letters and have a quick drink or a cup of tea, and then we are back on the main Tasman Highway, which runs along the East Coast to St. Helen's, and then turns west to Launceston. We will run along its entire length in the next few days. The main road to Launceston is through the centre via Oatlands and Campbelltown, but tourists find the East Coast Road more attractive.

The 25 miles to Buckland is through mixed farming and country, with some bush and some excellent views of the well-known Buckland Valley. Along the cliff road which overlooks Prosser's River, we drive over the first of the mountain roads which will make the tour so memorable.



Blow Hole, Eaglehawk Neck.

Just before we reach the township of Buckland, we stop at the Parish Church of St. John's, one of the half-dozen most famous churches in the Commonwealth. Opened for worship on June 18, 1848 (Trinity Sunday), the building is in beautiful condition. The trees and graves around the church give it a typically English look.

It is well known, of course, for the East Window, which is the finest stained-glass window to be found in any small church in Australia. There are many legends current about this window (that it was buried for safety in England during the Civil War, and that it had a connection with William the Conqueror), but the full truth died with the first rector, Rev. F. H. Cox. Experts who have examined it claim the window dates from the period 1350-1400, but has been largely restored during the successive centuries. The style is known as "White Grisaille," which was a 14th Century English style, and distinctive for its white background. European artists of that period went in for red and blue backgrounds, producing a purple effect.

It is thought that the window belonged to Battle Abbey, which William the Conqueror raised on the site of the Battle of Hastings as a thanksgiving to God two hundred years before the window was made. Dean Cox was a friend of the third Marquis of Salisbury, whose family have close connections with the Battle Abbey district. It may be that Lord Salisbury gave the window to Mr. Cox, who was a Sussex man too. And the windows of Battle Abbey are said to have been buried for safety when Cromwell's men were destroying the churches.

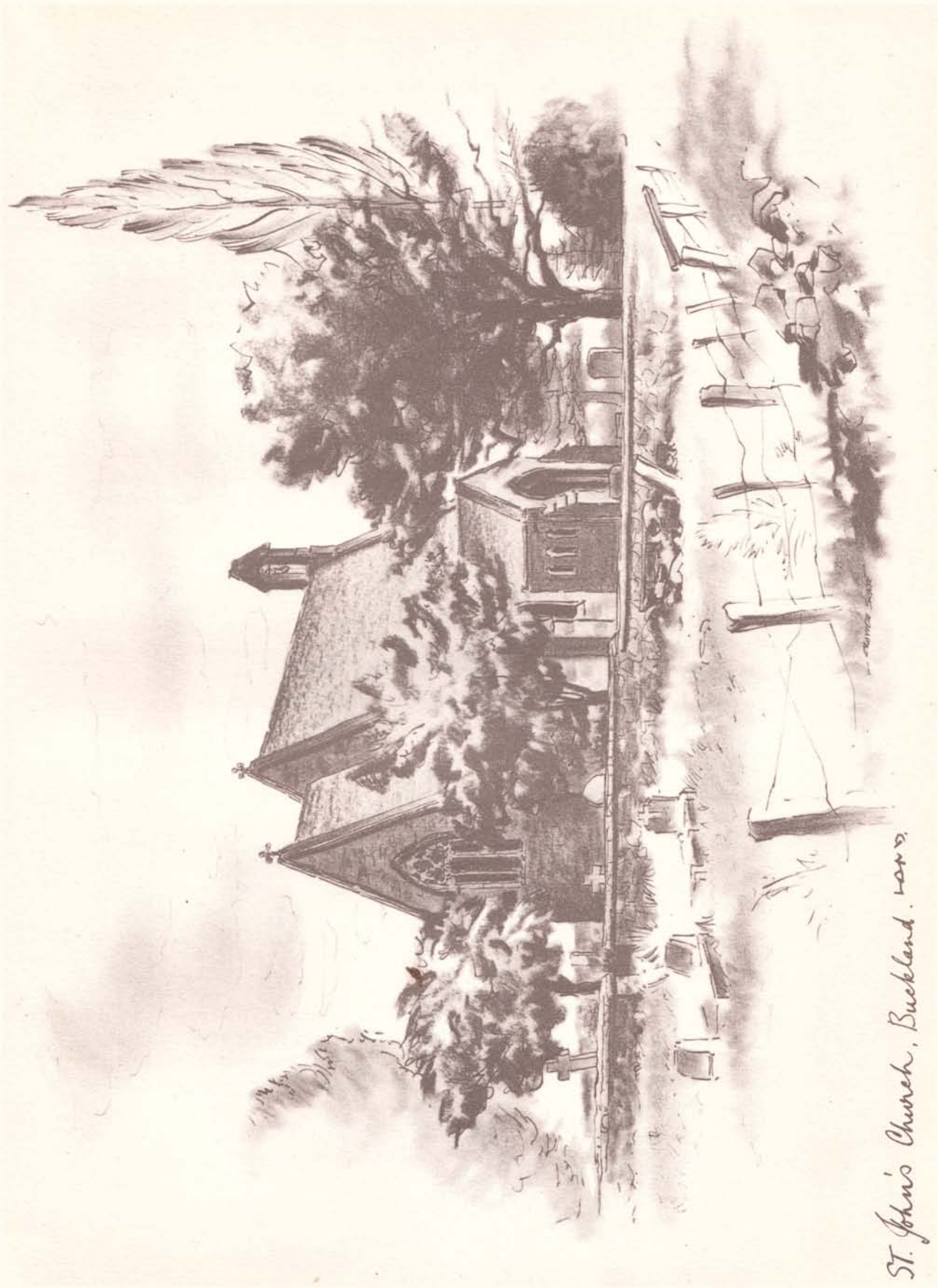
However, the *Hobart Town Courier* of 1850 claimed the window was the work of a London artist named O'Connor, who painted it specially for the church in the 1840's. Probably the truth is that O'Connor was given the window to restore before it was sent to Tasmania.

The smaller window certainly is contemporary with the church, and it may be that while he *restored* the ancient window, O'Connor *made* a smaller window for the north side. The latter has two lights (the east window has three), and is obviously modern work. The difference between the old and new windows is obvious even to the layman.

The old graveyard is cut in two by the road, part being in the fields across the road, not far from a stone building that was once the Sunday school for this church and is now used as a farmhouse. Like many old Tasmanian stone buildings, it is now roofed with corrugated iron, which has been laid over the old shingles. The shingles were useful in the old days, and they suited the architectural style better than the corrugated iron (which is frankly distasteful, if useful), but they presented a frightful fire-risk. It was the shingle roofing which caught the windblown sparks from the bushfires at Port Arthur and wiped out the town.

Among the many interesting tombstones in the main graveyard by the church is one on which is inscribed the following collector's item:

*"Here lies the grief of a fond Mother
And the blasted expectations of an indulgent Father."*



St. John's Church, Buckland. 1880.

We spend a pleasant twenty minutes at this fascinating old church before passing on. Then we take the road away from the town over the bridge which crosses the Prosser, noticing the ancient Buckland Inn far on the left.

We cross and recross the Prosser River in the first few miles, then follow it through fine gorge scenery to the coast. On the other side of the gorge, another road runs along the left side of the river. This is the remains of the old convict road, which was intended to connect Bicheno and Port Arthur.

Also seen on the roadside is the old stone house in which Tasmania's first well-known author lived, Mrs. Charles Meredith. After her husband brought her out to Van Diemen's Land in 1839, he entered politics and became a cabinet minister in several Tasmanian Governments. She wrote poems and volumes of literary sketches describing Tasmanian life, often illustrating them with her own drawings. Her books are worth reading, if one is interested in the life that the old-time Tasmanians enjoyed.

Then we have a sudden view of the sea, with Maria Island filling the horizon. At the mouth of the Prosser River is the little township of Orford, a prettily-situated spot that is a favorite with honeymoon couples. Sniffing the salt air again, we turn across the bridge, run along the coast to Triabunna, and stop at a hotel for lunch right beside the fishing port. After lunch we stroll down to look at the crayfish baskets. Crayfish are caught in Spring Bay, which lies before us, and flown direct to Melbourne, or shipped there in large crates.

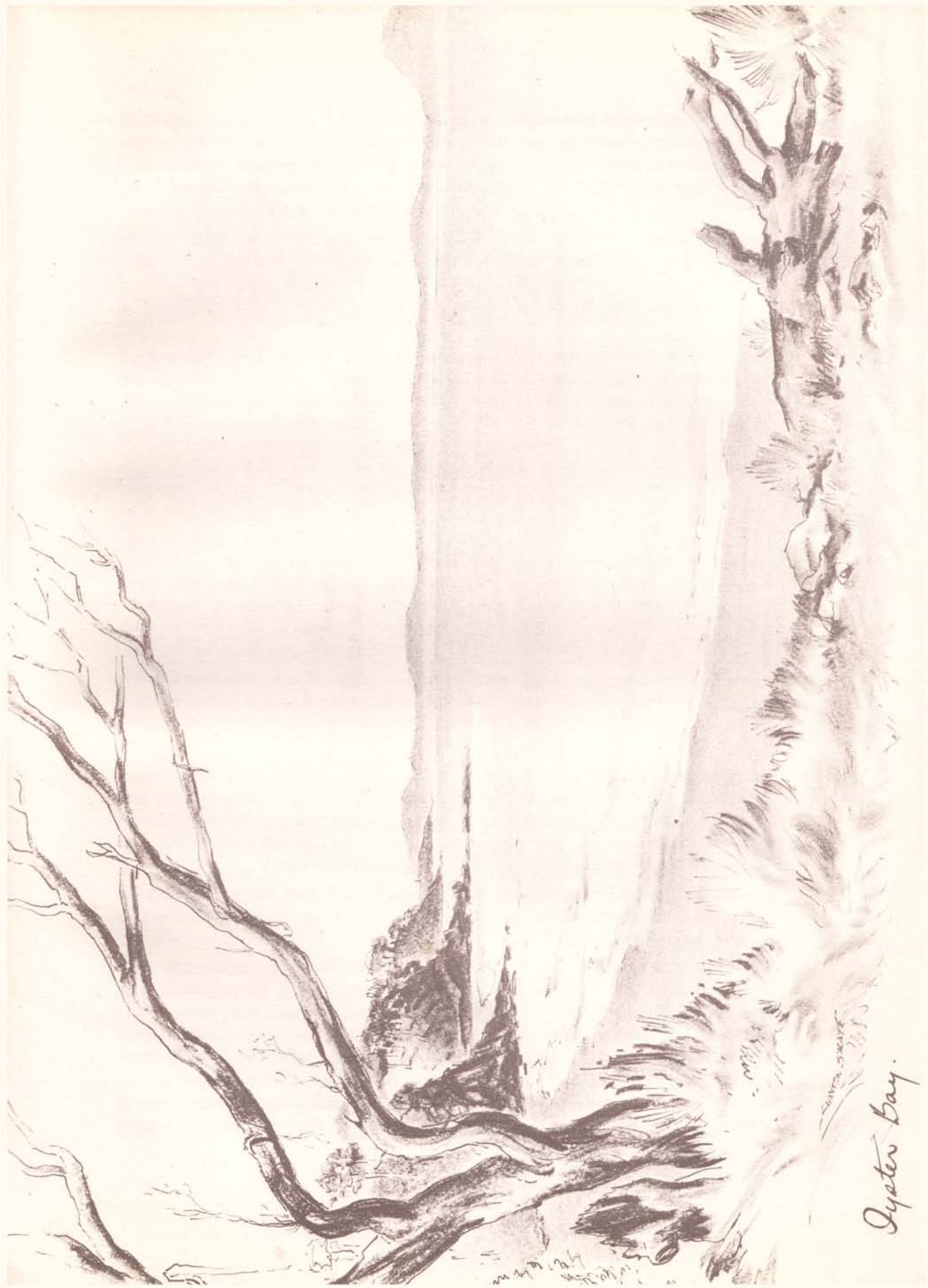
Towering in the distance on the other side of the Bay is Maria Island, which was named by Tasman in honour of Van Diemen's wife. Tasman was always careful to name new places in honour of important people.

Triabunna was first settled as a military base for the troops stationed on Maria Island and the guards who supervised the construction of the Bicheno-Port Arthur road. Maria Island was the second penal station opened in Tasmania, being formed in 1825, a little after Macquarie Harbour. Women convicts stationed there weaved the first woollen cloth ever made in Tasmania. It was used to clothe the men convicts.

The chief station was called Darlington, at the north end, where a cement company now helps to build a concrete Tasmania. The settlement was closed in 1832, because Port Arthur had taken over its duty, but from 1842-1850 it was used again as a probation station. Today, visitors see a few convict ruins and look at the cement works, but the main interest is for geologists: the red granite outcrops are both beautiful and impressive.

After the driver has told us the story of Maria Island, we run inland past Australia's largest orchard — the 300 acres Rostrevor Estate. This apple and pear orchard stretches along both sides of the road and is the only outstanding agricultural sight in this area. The scrubby country is anything but good farming land, and we notice that rabbits seem to be in possession. But it is good orchard country, and the industry may grow in this region.

We stop at the quaint Spiky Bridge, built for no apparent reason other than to give convicts some work. Constructed of rough stone chunks, it is apparently a solid



Oyster Bay.

mass, pierced only by a narrow drain for the little creek. Its breadth is surprising, as it is twice the width of the road it serves. The name Spiky comes from the upright jagged pieces of stone set in a fringe on either side of the bridge, a crude method of ornament which gives it a unique appearance. Near here, by the way, two convicts tied themselves to a handcart and suicided over the cliffs.

After passing three old stone buildings once used by troops guarding the convicts (the large building on the left is unused, but the nearest one on the right is inhabited) we come up a hill to enjoy a lovely view of the coast. For the next dozen miles to Swansea, we follow the coast through a succession of wonderful vistas.

On a fine day this is one of the loveliest drives anybody could wish for. Behind us stretches the rugged coast, broken by surfed beaches, and in the distance lies Maria Island. To the right we see White Rock, standing alone, and then the larger Schouten Island, which is divided only by a narrow strait from Freycinet Peninsula. Both the Island and the Peninsula are craggy and mountainous, rising in blue majesty all along the horizon. Ahead, Oyster Bay makes a great sweep in a semi-circle. In between, the sea is dotted with sailing vessels trawling for the inevitable scallops. Our driver goes slowly, to let us savour the view. It is one which no camera can adequately portray.

Like most Tasmanian views, it is full of history. That tiny island of White Rock is also known as Ile de Phoques. A century ago it was famous for seals, which covered it in season, and which gave it its French name (phoque is French for seal). Today it is barren, but its guano deposits were once so valuable that after the First World War a lawsuit was staged concerning the ownership of the deposits.

Off the southern tip of Schouten Island is a fringe of islets which our driver knows as the Hen and Chickens. Geographers know them as the Tailleffer Islets, so named by the French explorer Baudin, who seems to have been hard at work scattering French names all along this coast about 1802.

Schouten Island itself was another of Tasman's discoveries in 1642, to which he gave the name of a famous fellow townsman. In 1610, Schouten was the first skipper ever to round Cape Horn, which he named after the hometown of Tasman and himself, Hoorn. The name is not very popular among bad spellers, but it is far better than the original native name — Tigganamarraaboon!

Oyster Bay is also known as Fleurieu Bay, after a French historian, and Great Swanport, because of the immense flocks of wild black swans which still cover its quieter waters beyond Swansea.

These coasts and islands were first famous as fine sealing grounds 130 years ago. Ships came from Hobart to hunt seals here and also to catch black swans, which were then valuable for swansdown and skins. Ashore, the sailors would entertain themselves hunting kangaroos. Late in 1819, Governor Sorell ordered the Bay to be explored, and in the following years settlers moved up from the southern settlements. Among them were the two Amos brothers, just arrived from England, who pioneered the district known as Cranbrook. Their descendants still live there, in a homestead called Glen Gala. In those days life was quite

exciting — as a service was beginning in the local church news came that bush-rangers were arriving, so the men of the congregation “girded their loins” and went to help catch the criminals.

Historically, the district is most famous as the stamping ground of the Aboriginal bushranger, Mosquito. He belonged to the Broken Bay tribe of New South Wales, but was transported to Norfolk Island for murder. In 1813 he was transferred to Tasmania, where he was employed as a black tracker by the police to hunt down bushrangers. He was such a success as a hunter of bushrangers that Governor Sorell sent him back to Sydney in 1817 for a holiday as a reward. Shortly afterwards he was responsible for tracking down the notorious Mike Howe, the first of the “great” bushrangers in Australian history. Unfortunately for Mosquito, Howe’s sympathisers were very annoyed at this.

Out of work because of popular dislike (the police did not care to employ such an unpopular character), Mosquito gathered together a group of de-tribalised natives around Hobart and started operating as the “Tame Mob” in 1819 to attack nearby settlements. Twelve months later the mob moved up to the new settlements on Oyster Bay. They literally terrorised the countryside for three years until a local black boy was used to guide police to Mosquito’s lair. This was indeed revenge for Howe, but the curious thing is that while Mosquito was quickly hanged (near the site of the present Cascade Brewery at Hobart), the man who tracked him also turned bushranger and led what was known as the “Abyssinian Mob” of Blacks in the Shannon Valley!

Mosquito was the only mainland black who achieved prominence in Tasmania and he alone made the habitually kindly Tasmanian natives aggressive. He introduced the boomerang to the Tasmanians, too. Those who knew him said he was not at all a bad fellow, but that he took to bushranging because Howe’s convict and ex-convict friends persecuted him. Many of the police of that period were ex-convicts.

Today, Oyster Bay is a quiet stretch of water with lovely views. Few coast-lines on earth are more imposing than the majestic mountains of Freycinet Peninsula and Schouten Island.

Centre of the district is Swansea, where we spend the night at the Bay View Hotel. Just before dinner we have time to wander through the township, noting the general store in a three-story stone building of considerable age. At sunset, the bare, red granite peaks on the Island and Peninsula across the Bay are a lovelier sight than any artist could reproduce.

This hotel is one of the most up-to-date on our itinerary, with 120 beds, but its centre is very old, for the place was founded in the 1860’s. In the old lounge behind the bar, the low roof and winding staircase show great age.

After dinner, local people chat with us, among them an old man who relates an interesting story of Maria Island. The Irish exile, O’Brien, whose house we saw at Port Arthur, was sent to Maria Island before he went to Port Arthur. The Irishman had special treatment, being guarded in a special cottage on the side of the mountain and very open to the weather. His only visitors were the officers who inspected his apartment and brought his meals.

Friends arranged a break for freedom and one night a boat rowed ashore from a schooner lying off the island. O'Brien, who was by this time allowed to walk about the Island in charge of a constable, eluded his guard and met the boat at the beach. Just as the boat was shoving off the constable appeared, and when he aimed his musket, the crew were in an indecent hurry to surrender, though they could have overpowered him. Many people believed that O'Brien was betrayed by one of the crew. However, the governor of the settlement was discharged over the attempt to escape and O'Brien was sent to Port Arthur.

Such stories, told in the atmosphere of that low-ceiling old lounge, fascinate us, and when we go to bed we can hear the surf, faintly, falling on the beach behind the hotel.

Next morning we are out early for a walk along that beach, which runs for many miles in a great crescent north of the town. Near the hotel a pier juts into the Bay for the accommodation of small coastal steamers.

At 9.15 we are off for a day's picnic outing to Cole's Bay, in a special bus. Lunch, and the necessary equipment to eat it with, are packed in the back seat and everybody is in a picnic mood. The 40 miles journey is half along the main road, but we turn off just past Apslawn to run down Freycinet Peninsula. The road to Apslawn goes through mixed farming and bush country, with a very pretty farm at Cranbrook, on the Swan River. These old farms give a very English look to much of the Tasmanian countryside.

As we climb up and around a hill, with a very fine valley view on all sides, some of us are wondering why the haystacks in the south and east of Tasmania are shaped like high sponge cakes — round, with conical tops. Somebody mentions that the same shaped haystacks are found around Ballarat, in Victoria, but nobody seems to know why. Later on, in North Tasmania, we find the oblong-shaped haystacks. The round stacks certainly help to give a distinctive look to this country.

Into the scraggy bush from the main road, we pass through country that is very poor farmland. A few sheep meander among the trees, while rocks are lying about everywhere in the bush. This is a hard country in which to farm. But to us it is very interesting, for it is scattered with red granite rocks from the huge outcrops that form the mountains beyond.

Red granite is the main rock in these parts, a beautiful stone that polishes up attractively. On the geological map, this entire peninsula is shown red, marked Palaeozoic, one of the intrusive rocks. (Intrusive rocks are the hard cores of the old mountains, but now exposed after thousands of years' weathering have worn away the softer upper rocks.) Officially, this is a scenic reserve, but quarries are at work. There is some tin on the Peninsula, although it is not worked, and there used to be a coal mine at Mount Paul, halfway down the day's run.

We pass lagoons, fringed with red weed, covered with thousands of black swans. Until twenty years or so ago, parties of "sportsmen" came here to shoot swan, but the Government now protects them. To the early settlers, swans were a staple source of diet in hungry times. The explorers Bass and Flinders lived



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Mt. Amos - Colo Bay.

largely on swans when they made the first voyage through Bass Strait and around Tasmania in 1798-9. Swan flesh is, however, an acquired taste.

Here we run along the bush road under the growing bulk of the three main peaks of the Peninsula — The Hazards. These three joined mountains (they look like four sometimes) are masses of red granite, largely bare. From sea level they seem to fill the sky with tumbled masses of rock. Few other parts of Tasmania lend the impression of rugged strength which The Hazards give. Enormous monoliths of weathered granite rise all over these peaks, whose sides are scattered with gigantic boulders and broken sections of other monoliths.

For miles along the coast, our eyes are fixed on those granite mountains rising above us. A naturalist among us is rather more interested in pointing out the local variety of pine, known as Oyster Bay Pine, which has cones somewhat larger than those on the mainland pines. This is thick bush, and the road is so narrow the trees scrape the windows of the bus.

Then we come out on a small beach in a little cove known as The Fisheries. A guest house nearby and a home at the other end of the little beach itself are the only habitations. But when Pioneer Hotels build their planned hotel here, Coles Bay will quickly develop into a holiday centre. A few years ago it was unknown even to most Tasmanians.

After a stroll along the beach to admire the view of the mainland across the Bay (the reverse of the view we had coming into Swansea yesterday) we join the driver in preparing the picnic lunch. By this time we are all friends and on Christian name terms, which makes such a picnic a happy time.

When we have lain about the beach or had a bathe, as our individual tastes run, some of the more energetic of us clamber over the rough bush and rock to the other side of the Peninsula to visit Wineglass Bay. This hike demands a good pair of boots, for the granite is hard on ordinary shoes. The Bay is named after its shape, the stem being on the landward side.

The less energetic walk through the bush around the cliffs on the far side of the little beach to see the quarry, where blocks of granite are cut at the water edge. Boats come right to the quarry to load the blocks. We admire the sparkling granite pieces which lie about and we are free to take any we please. As this is one of the most beautiful granites in Australia, it is well worth our trouble to take a piece home with us.

Nearby are the huts occupied by the quarrymen and their families, who must have a lonely life. One man tells us this is actually the warmest place on the East Coast, the difference being ten degrees on the average. This is possibly because of the protected situation at the end of the Bay.

But time is going very quickly and we must get back to the bus. By four we are in Swansea again, feeling that this was a day well spent.

With two hours to dinner, some of us visit a tearoom, which is part of a private house at the other end of the town. Swansea straggles out for a mile along the main road, giving the impression that it is a one-street township, so we see most of it as we walk to our cups of tea.



Colles Bay.

Satisfied, we walk back to the hotel, and then keep on through the gates of the recreation ground and into the golf course. In the midst of the course is an isolated section of a cemetery, the remainder of which is on the other side of the course by the sea. Among the interesting tombstones is one in memory of the Rev. Thomas Dove, M.A., who was Presbyterian minister of Great Swanport from 1844 to his death in 1882. He arrived from Scotland in 1833 as a missionary to the natives on Flinders Island; after a few years among the convicts on Maria Island he came to Swanport, where . . . "for the long period of thirty-nine years, he ministered faithfully and unremittingly to the spiritual wants of his people." Not a humorous tombstone inscription, but one whose dignity never fails to appeal to visitors. Most photographers who visit Swansea climb through the barbed wire to take a picture of this stone.

Nearby is all that remains of the early Catholic Church, a stone oblong box which is crumbling to pieces. Beyond this, the course ends at a cliff, which falls on to surf-swept rocks. Here we are on a point of land breaking the long line of sand beaches which falls away to left and right all along the western shore of the Bay. For some 300 degrees we see surf and sand about us. There are many miles of beaches along this coast on either side of Swansea.

With the wind blowing our hair, we walk back across the golf course to enjoy dinner with an old identity who claims one sees more parrots in the Tasmanian bush than anywhere else in Australia. The green rosella parrot is very common — we have seen many of them in the bush. Later on we will see Black Cockatoos in the North and North-East, where the stringybark trees are clawed for grubs.

After dinner, we enjoy a dance before going to bed. This hotel has an excellent floor and there is always somebody about who can play the piano for us.

Swansea — Scottsdale — Launceston

OUR run today is 142 miles, to Scottsdale. Or, at least, that is the figure on the signpost. This State has excellent signposts, with as many as a dozen or more signs on them — there is no other Australian State so liberal with help for motorists. However, the distances given on these signposts and in the Government handbooks are not reliable, our driver tells us, as we leave Swansea along the Tasman Highway. Testing the figures by their car mileage, Pioneer drivers have proved the signposts wrong by anything from two to six per cent. It may be that these signpost distances are still taken from the old roads which were surveyed in the early days of the Colony: the new roads cut many corners.

We run along the familiar road to Apslawn, where the bush road took us to Coles Bay yesterday, and have level going to Bicheno, one of the prettiest and most interesting seaside resorts on the Coast, 28 miles from Swansea. The driver stops at a house to let the proprietress know how many are expecting morning tea, and then runs us down to the beach. Among the scrub overlooking the beach is a memorial on the grave of an Aboriginal woman who died there in 1832. There are very few memorials to Tasmanian natives and most tourists take photographs of this example, which is in fine condition. It reads:

"Here lies Waubadebar, a female aborigine of Van Diemen's Land, died June 1832, aged 40 years. This stone is erected by a few of her white friends."

On old maps, the harbour on which Bicheno is built appears as Waub's Harbour: nobody knows whether she gave her name to the harbour or took her name from it. She seems to have been the very faithful servant of a pioneer family. They must have had very long memories, those people, for the stone was not raised over that tomb until after 1855.

Bicheno lies on Ocean Beach, under the shade of masses of granite boulders which form the hill on the landward side. The spot of land in the bay is Diamond Island.

We drive over to the rocky side of the beach, where a curious harbour interests us. Fishing vessels are pulled in to the shore of a narrow strait, on the other side of which is a rock isle. The distance between is about sixty yards, perhaps, and the current rushes through at a tremendous pace. A curious place to moor boats! But it seems to have been popular for more than a century, as the ruins of a convict-built storehouse are perched on the rock. The weather must have been fresh for the officials stationed here! The whole atmosphere is unusual, and we find excuses to linger, even though we are told by the driver that one of the nicest morning teas we have ever eaten awaits us.

At last he gets us away and within a few minutes we are sitting down to fresh, home-made scones and Cape Gooseberry jam, and a number of good things that arouse the honest admiration of our ladies. For once the ladies are able to talk shop on holiday! The entries in the visitors' book agree with us, too.

From Bicheno the road runs across the River Douglas, past the Chain of Lagoons, and then climbs the well-known St. Peter's or Elephant Pass — the latter name is more popular. At first it passes along sand dunes of Maclean Bay, with Mount Puzzle and Mount St. John rising steeply on the left to more than 2000 feet. The change when we climb the Elephant is startling. From level going we almost boil over the top of the climb, through thick myrtle and beech and gum forests. The drop is sheer on the valley side, and the views keep us silent with admiration. After climbing 1000 feet we pass through good agricultural country to St. Mary's, an interesting township right on the range.

St. Mary's is at the headwaters of the South Esk River, in the shadow of the Mount Nicholas Range, as the Government guidebook says. Between the town and the coast is St. Patrick's Head, which rises 2250 feet above sea-level. This region is the centre of the Island's coal mining industry — many Mainlanders forget that Tasmania produces about £3,500,000 worth of coal a year. Although we do not sight the mines, which are inland at Jubilee, Cornwall and Mount Nicholas, the whole region north of Oyster Bay is marked as coal country on the Mineral Resources map prepared by the State Economic Planning Authority. Production is by no means at peak, as the Government says it can be raised as the markets require. North of the coalfields, copper and molybdenum are mined in the bush.

Then we run down St. Mary's Pass, dropping 1000 feet in five miles to sea-level through another section of lovely timber country. The road winds down the mountainside at first, but at the bottom we run through seven miles of flat agricultural country to Scamander.

Lunching at Scamander, we hear that the township boasts the finest surfing beach in Tasmania, the only beach which has several good lines of surf. The township stands at the mouth of the Scamander River, which offers very good bream fishing. The bridge over the river mouth is the fifth to be built on the site, four previous bridges having been washed away in floods — the last went in 1929. People who stay in Scamander say the fishing, duck-shooting and surfing are very good, while there are very pleasant walks up the bush tracks into the hills.

From Scamander the road hugs the coast to St. Helen's, the main town of the East Coast above St. Mary's. Situated very charmingly on the landlocked George Bay, it is well known for its elm-lined streets and old-world Boat Harbour. Schooners are built here for the Bass Strait and East Coast trade to Melbourne. Life would be very pleasant in this country town, we imagine as we drive through. It is one of the few towns to have a municipal airport right on the township, or at least on the very edge. Fish and crayfish are flown direct to Essendon for Melbourne tables by Anson aircraft operated by ex-R.A.A.F. pilots. Incidentally, there will soon be a Pioneer hotel on a site overlooking Beauty Bay, close to this town.

Now we leave the coast to enter completely different country all the way to Scottsdale. High ranges of mountains, the beginnings of the ranges which fill the centre of the island, cover the entire distance.

The top of our climb is 2000 feet above sea-level, and many motorists carry water or have to secure help from the nearest farm, for engines can boil on this pull. This country is famed for its wonderful scenery.



On the road to Swansea.

Myrtle forests on both sides of the road spread all over the valleys and mountain sides, and even though some stretches have been burned out, leaving gaunt, black trunks as a memorial to carelessness, the sections of unharmed bush are most impressive. Just over the crest of the mountains, we pass through a cavern of bush. On either side and overhead too, immense myrtles rise to a height seldom seen on the mainland. This is fern country, too. The forests are dark and damp, and tree ferns grow luxuriantly. We are so full of admiration that the driver stops on the descent through Weldborough Pass to let us ramble for a few minutes among the ferns and look up at the myrtles.

Tasmania's best known timber for export is the eucalypt, exported under the name of Tasmanian Oak, for buildings, flooring and furniture. The myrtle is excellent for flooring and for polished panelling. Most of the myrtle used for timber comes from the West, where big forests are now being opened up, but much of the myrtle country on the East is now protected. The species is related to the beech, which is common here, too, and has a light, brownish-pink colour. In the war beech was used a lot for gun-stocks, as long wear tends to give it a smoother surface instead of shredding it. The most ornamental timber is the blackwood, which is very popular on the mainland. Blackwood is found in many forests in this area, with sassafras and the so-called pines.

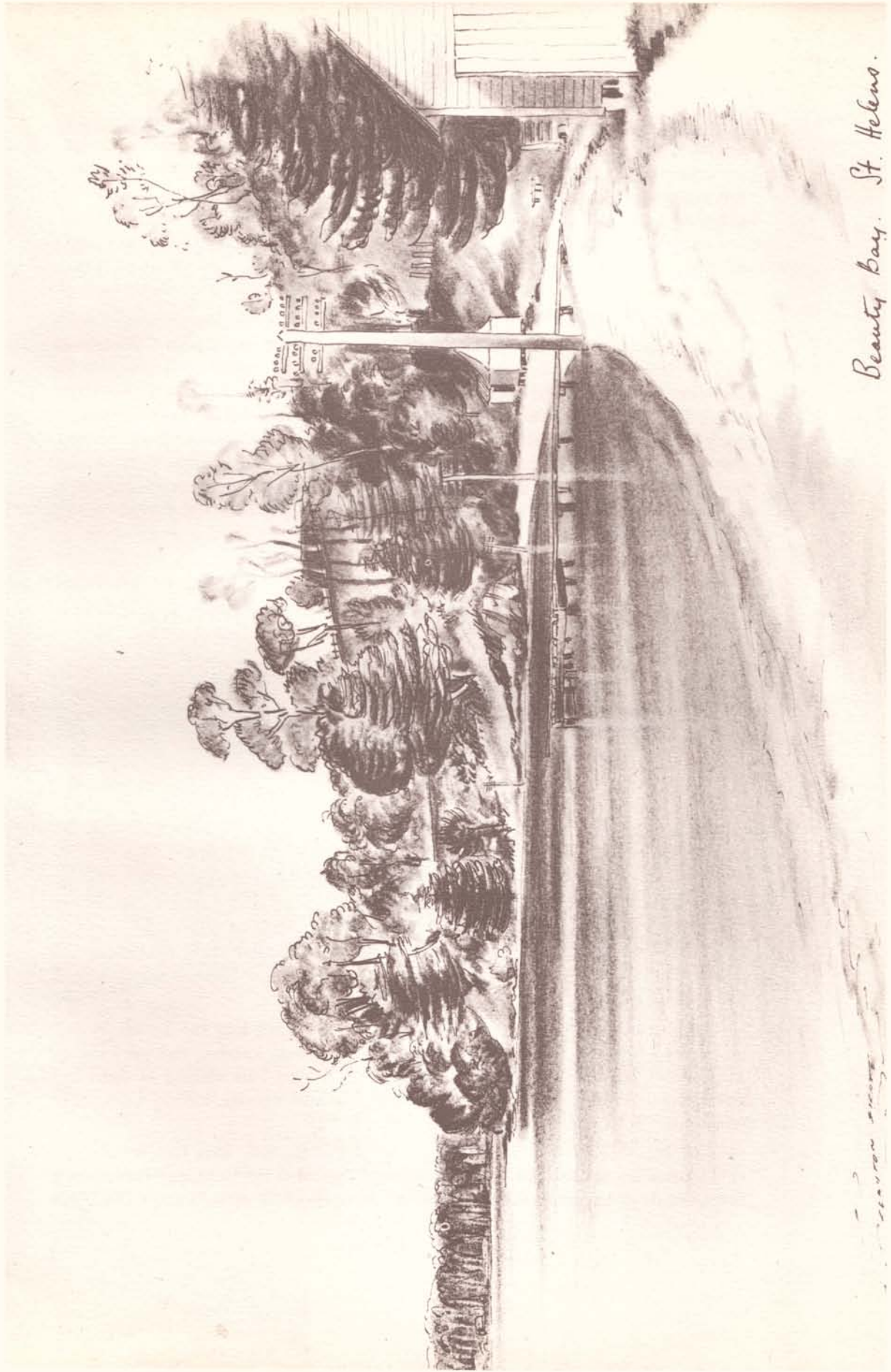
Through the rest of our run to Launceston and all through the West, we will see many timber-yards and sawmills. Tasmania exports more than £500,000 worth of timber a year, mostly eucalypts, blackwood and sassafras.

This is also tin country. Weldborough, Moorina and Derby are all well-known tin-mining centres. Derby in particular is famous, as the Briseis Tin Mine is located there. Through the bush we see abandoned tin workings which have cut a big gash in the ground, but Derby is on the edge of immense workings on the Ringarooma River. Fortunately for the appearance of the countryside, the mine authorities pile old rock and debris in the valley above the town: in time, the valley may well be filled over.

The river is dammed back in the hills to provide power and water for the open-cut workings. Geologically speaking, the tin ore was deposited in the valley before volcanic action covered the 250 feet deep deposit with basalt. Now the company has to remove the overburden to reach the ore, which, like most tin ore all over the world, is recovered by hydraulic sluicing methods. At first the company was very prosperous, paying some half a million pounds dividends in very quick time. But now the cost of removing the overburden is steadily increasing. The entire top of a hill must be removed to secure the rich ore underneath. This calls for big capital and the Government may yet have to help the company.

Meanwhile, Derby is a dying township, a dismal-looking medley of old hotels, stores and houses which are showing their age. The river is yellow from the workings, and altogether the district is more interesting than beautiful. But it may have a big future. The Briseis Company has surmounted great difficulties before.

Tasmania's greatest and most famous tin centre is at Mount Bischoff, on the West Coast, which we will not visit. With tin at its peak postwar price, the black



Beauty Bay. St. Helens.

Seavon among

grains bring wealth to the land which produces them. The ore is known as cassiterite.

Moorina, one of the tin townships of this area, is named after a sister of Trucanini, the last of the Tasmanian natives. She was daughter of a chief of the Bruni Island tribe and was outraged by sealers in her youth.

On from Derby, we are in sight of the 3900 feet Ben Nevis for the remaining 21 miles. Beyond it is Ben Lomond, 5160 feet, which we can see a good part of the way.

Lomond is one of the highest mountains in Tasmania, grouped with Cradle Mountain in the top bracket. Near its slopes the famous artist John Glover lived and worked at Patterdale until he died at 82 in 1849 — a good advertisement for the climate. He was the only world-famous artist ever to settle in the Colony, being President of the Royal Water Colour Society (England) in 1807. Among his patrons was Louis XVIII. of France, to whom he sent oil paintings of Tasmanian scenery. He and John Batman (of Melbourne fame) were said to have been the first men ever to climb Lomond — quite a feat for a man who didn't arrive in Tasmania until he was 63. His widow died at 92 and they are buried side by side in Patterdale Church.

As it has been a long day, we are glad to have our dinner quietly in Scottsdale. Over the roast lamb we hear that the quietest member of our party has been more interested in the rabbits than the scenery: to many Mainlanders the wild black rabbits seen in this country are a puzzle.

After dinner we stroll about the town to find that it is a prosperous township of about 2000 people, with some magnificent homes. Altogether it has an air of prosperity, as it should, for it is the centre of a very rich pastoral country, of which we saw a little during the last few miles this side of Branhholme. A railroad connects the town with Launceston.

Next morning we are away again, after discovering that the reason for the continual flow of water down the gutters is simply the way the town gets rid of surplus water. To those of us from the Mallee or Western New South Wales this "waste" seems appalling, but it certainly does keep the gutters clean.

Launceston is 39 miles ahead. We start by running out of the town through rich farmlands before going up the Sideling, as the road over the Meredith Range is known. It winds up the hillside, round steep cliffs, while we admire the sassafras and myrtle bush, and the fern gullies. Homesteads and little townships are scattered all over the countryside behind us. We can count them as we look back upon the wonderful panorama which unfolds below.

Then we cross the top of the range and come down into the Tamar Valley, past Myrtlebank. This Valley is largely timber-cutting country, and very damp, too, judging by the moss on the fence posts. A tremendous amount of dead and half-burned timber is lying about, making the businessmen among us wonder why trucks don't come out from Launceston for it.

We run through the valley in sight of Mount Barrow, 4644 feet, to which a side road branches this side of Launceston. The drive up to Mount Barrow is a favourite day's trip for people staying in Launceston, 30 miles away. The drive



Weldborough Pass.

over the glacial road is rough going, we are told, but the view from the top is wonderful. It covers Bass Strait to Flinders Island, which is quite a stretch when you come to think of it. If Launceston were near the Mount, or vice versa, the ride would be done by thousands instead of the present dozens of people.

And so into Launceston, the second city of Tasmania.

The first view of the city as we turn the corner in the Valley road is a lovely introduction, for the city lies spread before us among the hills in a cloth of colours. As we drive in across Hobler's Bridge, down Elphin Road and past the City Park, along Brisbane Street to our hotel, we see many fine homes and catch glimpses of one or two new housing estates. The city is obviously thriving. The streets are thronged, and there is a busier atmosphere than exists in the State's capital city.

After lunch, we chat with residents, who give us a quick survey of the background of Launceston. The population is about 35,000 — a little more than half the population of Hobart.

Flinders explored the river and Port Dalrymple (mouth of the Tamar) in 1798, and six years later the city's site was looked over by Collins and Paterson. Launceston was to have been the first settlement in Tasmania, formed of the convicts and colonists who failed to establish a settlement in Victoria, but Hobart was preferred. However, Colonel Paterson arrived from Sydney with three ships, 74 convicts, 71 troops and officials, and one free settler(!) in November 1804. Tasmania was divided into two administrative areas so that Collins, at Hobart, and Paterson, would not quarrel.

At first the settlement was known as Patersonia, a name now used for another settlement in the country. There was also a port at Georgetown, at the mouth of the Tamar, which was so popular among officials that Launceston was not finally accepted as the northern capital until 1823. One trouble was, and is, that ships are dependent on tides to navigate the Tamar 40 miles inland from Bass Strait.

By 1827 Launceston had a population of 2000 and grew so rapidly that Melbourne was actually founded by Launceston settlers under Batman and Fawcner. One of the sights for tourists is the room in the Cornwall Hotel in Cameron Street, in which Fawcner and his friends planned the foundation of Melbourne. Fawcner owned this inn before he went to Melbourne. Although the building has been rebuilt, his room is well preserved, and the management welcomes tourists.

Fawcner was not over-popular in Launceston, where he also ran the town's first newspaper. Enemies described his writings as "the frothings of a beer-cask" and himself as "a super-annuated zany."

Both Fawcner and Batman were married in St. John's (Church of England), in St. John Street — Fawcner to Eliza Cobb on December 5, 1822, and Batman to Eliza Thompson on March 29, 1828. Their courtships are among the most interesting in the history of love.

As a convict's son, Fawcner could not marry into a free family, and he went down one morning to the port to meet an immigrant ship from London. Going on board from the doctor's boat, after bribing the clerks, he asked the skipper to



A few miles from Scottsdale

produce the prettiest girl in the ship. The captain must have been awed by Fawkn-
ner's ready marriage licence (only the bride's name being blank), for he at once
brought out the girls for inspection. Fawkn-ner walked up and down the ranks, made
his selection, coaxed the girl to agree, and took her ashore. On the way to the church
a burly friend of his stopped him. When he found what Fawkn-ner was up to, he
promptly knocked him down and made off with the girl. Fawkn-ner was quite
unperturbed. He just went back to the ship and asked for the ugliest girl on board.
History says that the pair were happy ever after and Mrs. Fawkn-ner was never
angry when her husband told the story.

Batman's courtship was more romantic. Batman was a different type, a
currency-lad from Sydney, a magnificent bushman, a sterling character, and as
kindly as Fawkn-ner was mean. His career would make a fine film. Anyway, he
was out hunting one day near his farm at Ben Lomond when he found a very
lovely woman hiding in the bush. She told him she was wanted for a minor crime,
but could not face the physical punishment involved. Falling in love at first sight,
he took her home and asked all his powerful friends to help secure a pardon from
the Governor. Such a light opera situation could not be ignored, and the Governor
agreed. The pair were very happy, had nine children, and were well liked in Tas-
mania and Melbourne. After Batman's early death, his widow married again, but
her subsequent story cannot be traced. She seems to have vanished; nobody knows
how, when or where she died, although several students have made every effort
to trace her.

Less romantic but more interesting to businessmen is the fact that the Union
Bank of Australia (founded in London in 1837) opened its first Australian office
in Launceston on May 1, 1838. The story that the Bank of Australasia was founded
here is not correct, for the Sydney office was opened on September 14, 1835, while
the Hobart and Launceston branches were opened on January 1, 1836.

Two claims Launceston can make beyond question — she has the oldest band
on earth, St. Joseph's, and the oldest public school in Tasmania, the Launceston
Grammar School having been founded in June, 1846.

Today, Launceston is a prosperous city without the very aged look of Hobart.
There are more new suburbs and fewer old houses in the northern city, which is
the centre of the Island's main farming area. Launceston is the big city of the
wealthy North-West, which is possibly the richest farming area in the Common-
wealth.

After lunch, we walk along to the Queen Victoria Museum and Art Gallery
in Wellington Street, about five minutes from the Metropole Hotel. Here is the
famous Beattie Collection, formed by a photographer in Hobart. When the collec-
tion was put on the market, Hobart was not quick enough to buy it, and the Laun-
ceston City Council took it over. It should really be in Hobart, for most of the
exhibits concern Port Arthur and Hobart, but the Launceston City Council is
apparently an historically-minded body.

This is the finest collection in Tasmania and well worth detailed scrutiny.
Although rather grim, the finest single exhibit is a group of pencil drawings made
of bushrangers and murderers at Hobart Gaol immediately after their execution.

There is also the application made by the bushranger Martin Cash to join the police force! And the cheeky letter that Michael Howe addressed "From the Bushrangers to the Hon. T. Davey, Lieutenant-Governor of Van Diemen's Land," with its envelope.

Howe was the first Australian bushranger of any note. He had been transported from England for highway robbery and got into trouble again in Sydney. Sent down to Van Diemen's Land for rigorous treatment, he was flogged and isolated and given all the worst punishments. Yet he survived them all. Then he escaped and joined the first bushranging gang ever known in Australia. This had been formed and led by a vicious desperado named Whitehead in 1810.

Howe was a successful recruit, and after Whitehead was shot in 1814, the gang chose Howe as their leader. One of the first of the outrages under his leadership was a mass attack on a party of natives to secure women, the first big massacre recorded in Tasmania. Yet in his letter to Davey, Howe had the nerve to protest against the charges of outrages made against his gang, alleging he never killed unless to evade capture. He probably didn't include natives, for many free whites did not regard killing blacks as murder, either. The letter was taken to the Governor by an American whaler, who brought back Sorell's promise of pardon if the gang surrendered. This was ignored, but later on Howe sent a second letter "From the Governor of The Ranges to the Governor of the Town," in which he offered to surrender if the Governor would come into the bush and treat with him as "between gentlemen"!

It shows just what control the gang had of the roads in those days that such letters could be sent. And Sorell actually sent an army captain out to discuss matters with Howe! The officer told Howe the Governor could not grant full pardons without reference to Sydney, so Howe came into Hobart Town on parole. He was very popular in Hobart until he decided not to wait any longer and went bush again. After several escapes, he was finally cornered by troops, who beat out his brains with musket-butts.

Knowing this, we read his letter with considerable interest. It is in perfect condition and might have been delivered yesterday.

The Art Gallery contains several paintings by Tasmanian artists — a couple of ladies by the poisoner Wainewright, and some landscapes by John Glover are among them. Some paintings by forgotten convict artists also lend an atmosphere.

We judge that the people of Launceston must have been very struck by the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Victoria's son, who was the first royalty ever to visit Australia. He was shot by a mad Irishman in Sydney during the trip and people got very sentimental about him. The Launceston Gallery has several portraits of him, all making him very much more beautiful than his photographs show him to have been — but after all portrait painters made reputations that way.

The driver has asked the caretaker to show us one of the city's greatest treasures, the Chinese Joss Houses, which are locked in a room and shown only to special visitors. (Parties from the Mainland qualify!) Known as *the* Chinese Joss House, there are actually three houses.

In the early mining days and right up until twenty years ago there were vast numbers of Chinese between Launceston and the East Coast. In such towns as Weldborough, the Chinese community had their own temples or joss houses, which were greatly respected. When the mining towns began to die and the Chinese drifted away, the Launceston Council suggested these joss houses should be gathered into the Museum and maintained by the Council as precious relics. The Chinese did not like the idea at first, but they had little to lose.

Chinese helpers packed the joss houses and sent them up to Launceston, where they were found to be in filthy condition, largely due to the burning of incense. Months were spent in cleaning them and re-erecting them in the present positions.

Today, they are in perfect order and the Chinese visitors who come these days, often with distaste, go away feeling that Launceston has been very kind and considerate.

Nowhere else in Australia may joss houses be seen in this perfect condition. As people who have visited joss houses know, they are seldom clean and nearly always a disappointment. Here, the visitor enters a room to find an absolute fairyland of colour — gold and crimson, green and red. The brilliant colouring and the richness of the embroidery and decorations are beyond description. The minutes we spend watching those joss houses are all too few.

One of our party, who was not museum-minded, had taken an afternoon run in a Webster-Rometch Astor Tourist bus to Lilydale to inspect the Bridestowe Lavender Estate, which was the first big-scale producer of perfume lavender in the British Empire. He could have taken any of several other trips — to Longford (14 miles away), which has a lovely church containing some of the best stained glass in the State and lovely gardens; to Corra Linn and the Power Station; or the round trip to Deviot. All round the city are English-looking villages set in very charming country.

After enjoying a cup of tea, we visit Royal Park, beside the Museum, which is the site of the very first encampment by Colonel Paterson, and walk through the main streets to see City Park, which contains a small zoo. Launceston is a city of parks. In City Park, flower-lovers are attracted by the John Hart Conservatory, where there are shows of begonias and cyclamens. In the heart of the city is the charming Prince's Square, with its three churches, old trees and very fine fountain.

After dinner some of us visit a cinema, while others attend a concert at the Albert Hall. But we cannot sleep-in in the morning, for we are being driven out to see the city's main tourist attraction.

When we flew down to Hobart by Ansett airliner a few days ago, we noticed a great cleft in the earth near Launceston. The air hostess told us it was the Cataract Gorge, one of the most impressive sights in Tasmania.

Discovered in 1804 by Collins before Launceston was founded, the Cataract Gorge is in a unique position. It is almost in the city, and we find we could have walked out to it from the G.P.O. in ten minutes. Being so close to the centre of the city, it is thronged by Launceston folk every weekend.

The Gorge is formed by the South Esk River, which has carved a wide canyon, with precipitous walls of rock, as it falls to join the Tamar in the city. A



The Cataract Gorge. Lunenburg

series of falls and basins tower above the park that has been laid out below. Along the cliff edge is a mile of pathway, forming a wonderful scenic walk on the other side of the bridge. Looking up the Gorge, we enjoy a magnificent vista of waterfalls and granite crags and rushing waters. Our photographers are in their seventh heaven as we ramble about for a couple of hours, finding new scenes at every turn.

On the left side of the Gorge the Zig-Zag path leads over a hill past the Giant's Cave and Cliff Grounds to give views far down the Gorge. The First Basin is a holiday spot, with bathing facilities, which is very popular with Launceston people. Strenuous visitors climb to it along the Zig-Zag path, which offers excellent exercise, while other people may get there by a direct route.

That was a well spent morning, we agree, as we gather on the bridge outside the former tollhouse entrance on the city side. We are still discussing the Gorge as we put in an hour driving around the City and suburbs before lunch, noting new homes that are arising all round the outskirts. We gain the impression from this drive that Launceston is a city with a very interesting past and a very interesting future. The people seem to be very proud of their city, as their parks demonstrate, and we go into lunch very impressed with the busy activity and municipal pride of the State's Second City.

Ulverstone — Burnie — Deloraine

FROM Launceston, a main road runs across country to Deloraine and north-east to the coast at Devonport, from which it keeps in sight of the sea to Burnie, Wynyard, Stanley and Smithton. Today, we will go as far as Ulverstone, along this road, which is the Bass Highway (75 miles).

Leaving Launceston at 9.15, we quickly leave the city and climb a hill to the Mount Pleasant Estate. Behind, as when we left Scottsdale, is a panorama of the city and Tamar that is well worth a five minute rest to see before we pass over the top of the hill. This view of the city has been the subject of many fine photographic studies by such expert photographers as Captain Frank Hurley.

From this spot onwards, we pass through some of the most English country outside England. Much of the East Coast was poor farming country and the English look was confined to a few places, but as we travel into the North West of the State we pass through village after village that might be in one of the quieter English counties, anywhere from Bristol to the Wash. This is Tasmania's dairying country. We see some stud cattle that would be a credit to any country. The roads are lined with hawthorn hedges full of gleaming red berries.

Hadspen, on the pretty river Esk, is the most English village of the trip so far. It has a ruined church and a fine old store that would be worth investigating if we could stop. High chimneys rise from the old stone houses, as in England. Then we pass through Carrick, where one old building has its birthdate 1851 in iron on one wall, instead of the usual S. The hedges beyond are full of birds' nests.

We are now running along in sight of the Western Tiers, which rise on the left like a wall. The first main peak we see is Quamby Bluff — Quamby means Mercy, and it is said a native chased by settlers once shouted the word here. We hope that they listened to the word.

Rich farmlands stretch everywhere. This country has soils derived from basalt rock and mostly the dug fields are chocolate. Potatoes, grain, and dairy products are produced in enormous quantities between Launceston and Stanley. Altogether, Tasmania produces some 15,000,000 lb. of butter a year, about a million pounds' worth of milk, and 2,700,000 lb. of cheese. The North-West has nearly half the dairy cattle and a third of the beef cattle of the entire State — and also two out of every five pigs in Tasmania. The State Economic Planning Authority's maps show that almost all the State's dairying industry is found in the North and North-West.

As a result, the North-West is thick with prosperous townships (better known as villages if we pursue the English flavour), and a string of ports lines the coast. From the earliest days, the rich chocolate soil made the North West the land flowing with milk and honey.

So it was no wonder that Tasmania's first railway was constructed west from Launceston to tap this rich country. Known as the Launceston and Western Railway, it ran to Deloraine (30 miles) and was constructed between January 1868 and 1871 after the Government has side-stepped the responsibility for

several years after the original survey in 1856. The company which built the line under-estimated the cost by £100,000.

It was anything but a happy railroad and before the story was complete, the second military operation in Tasmanian history had been recorded. In 1872, the company had to suspend operations following storm damage. Now, when the company was formed it was compelled by legislation to raise only a quarter of its £400,000 capital by subscription, the rest being bonds secured by a special rate on property which the railway served, the Government guaranteeing interest. In 1872, the Government took over the railway for £36,000 unpaid interest and tried to collect arrears of the special railway rates from the landholders. No trouble was anticipated, as the rate payers concerned had approved the original scheme.

After a few thousand pounds had been collected, the farmers agreed among themselves that in spite of their original agreement, this had gone far enough. They resisted. The Governor would not suspend legal action, so 1200 landholders were summonsed.

That caused the only serious riot in the history of Tasmania. The people locked their doors and gates, pushed furniture against the doors, and kept their dogs hungry enough to attack bailiffs. When their goods were seized and shipped to Launceston, their sympathisers helped them by coming out in hundreds. Mobs of angry men and women rioted, damaging property and cracking a few heads with fence pickets. Country police were called into the city to protect Launceston.

However, the Government wisely thought the matter over and the following year the landowners were relieved of their liability. Losses on the railway were charged to the Colony.

Eventually, of course, the Government took over all railways except the lines owned by the mining companies in the West. They have steadily lost money and the tendency today is to close them down. It may not be many years before Tasmanian railways are closed down entirely, for road traffic is better patronised and seems more efficient.

And so we reach Hagley, notable for the fine church of St. Mary's, which has an imposing steeple, and an Area School. This country was once the little kingdom of the Reverend William and Sir Richard Dry, who owned the big estate. They would sometimes take morning service together and then gather their parishioners, who were actually their workmen, for three free pots of beer at the estate house.

This country was first settled by the energy of the rich landowners who were granted big areas as estates and invested big capital to open the country. They paid the fares of workmen and families from England to build the homesteads and to till the land. These homesteads, such as Calstock, which we see on the left among its fields, were big houses on the English squire style, full of antique furniture. There was, and still is in a small way, a feudal atmosphere here that was found nowhere else in Australia. Class distinctions were strictly drawn, as they are in some corners today, and the big landowners regarded their people with a sort of patriarchal affection.

There is no doubt that the North West was made what it is by these old families, but the land legislation of the past thirty years and the increases in taxation and estate duties has broken these families. The old houses are still there, but only one family still lives in its former glory. The people in these villages still feel that these families have had a raw deal and that to tax them out of their big estates was a mistake, if not sheer ingratitude. Nowhere else in Australia can a Mainlander find people talking about the old estates and, if you like, the "gentry", as in these villages. It is quite English.

Westbury township is remarkable for the Village Inn, a hotel which looks more like an English gentleman's home inherited since Queen Anne's time. It is an architectural gem, beautifully kept, and owned by two ladies named Fitzpatrick, whose collection of antique furniture is said to be one of the glories of Tasmania.

Near Westbury is Westfield, whose gates are on the main road — massive gates, too, on whose posts are mailed fists, the crest of the Fields. The dates 1825-1940 on the gates show us that this is one of the great families of Tasmania. Residents tell us these mailed fists are a symbol of Tasmanians' desire to keep what they have, symbolising the motto, "What I have I hold." The Fields and the McCannans were the two greatest families of their time, it being said that "The McCannans talk to the Fields, and the Fields talk to God."

Hagley has one of the State's first Area Schools. Briefly, the idea of the Area School, copied from England, is to close the innumerable little country schools where a dozen or less children were taught by an isolated master or mistress who lived with one of the local farmers. A large school is built in a centrally situated town, and the State provides buses to bring the children any distance to the school—free. The plan was made by G. V. Brookes, then State Director of Education, when he visited England in 1935. Backed by the late E. J. Ogilvie, who was Minister for Education at the time, and later Premier, Brookes' Department experimented in 1936 with two Area Schools at Hagley and Sheffield (two small towns of 200 and 750 population respectively), basically for children in the 12-15 age groups. The plan was so successful that Area Schools have spread all over Tasmania and the State has now a reputation for providing the best education in the Commonwealth. In the war, many American troops came to Tasmania from mainland ports just to look over the Area School system.

The Area Schools really prepare Tasmanian children for adult life, and the girls and boys leave them after their teachers have taught their minds, hands and bodies to take their places in a rural community. Education there is planned to fit the child into the life he will lead in the Tasmanian country community about him.

A very good book, "The Tasmanian Area School," is available from the Education Department in Hobart, and interested tourists should visit the Department's office to secure a copy. This is one of the best souvenirs of Tasmania.

Further on from Hagley is Exton, notable as the hometown of the only Tasmanian Test cricketer of modern times, C. L. Badcock, who gave up big cricket during the war and settled down to farming.

We run right through Deloraine, where we are staying tomorrow night, over the pretty Meander River, and continue through farming country. Near Elizabethtown we are amused by the sign: "Rubicon, Smith, and Others" This refers to farmers living down a sideroad and is placed there to remind the busman of the string of names down that road. Sassafras township has a name which appeals to the Victorians among us. We pass through some bush country in this vicinity, but it is obvious that this district will soon be opened up, for it is just a tree-covered island in a sea of agriculture country.

Latrobe flits by, nestling on the Mersey River. The township looks dilapidated, as the nearby centre of Devonport is securing most of the trade. Latrobe is one of the few townships of the North West not prospering; only eight miles from Devonport, it is bound to go back.

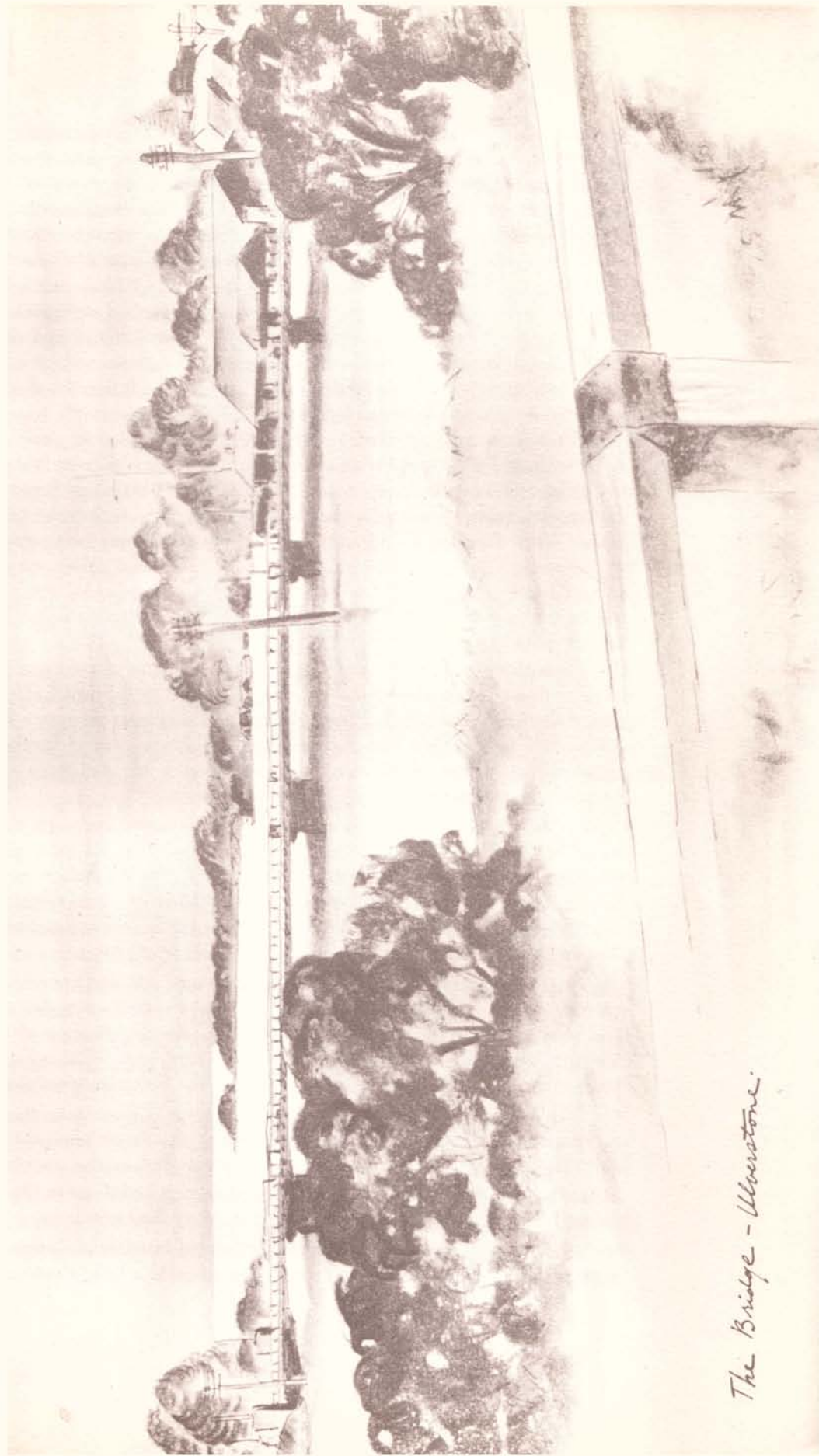
Now we run round the west side of the estuary of the Mersey, known as Port Frederick. Right outside the town are two large works — Ovaltine and the Devon Canneries — which give us an idea that this little city must be thriving. Years ago, there were two settlements here, on either side of the Mersey, called Torquay and Formby, but about 1890 the Tasmanian Government decided to rationalise the settlements on the North West Coast. Officials agreed there should be only three main ports up there, the Mersey, Burnie and Stanley. Torquay and Formby were joined to make Devonport the Mersey port. The river is named after the English stream on which Liverpool stands.

Our driver takes us past the port works to the pretty Victoria Parade — a great contrast between the busy, if dingy, wharves, and the tree-lined, beach-edged Parade. Devonport is a beach port. We pass some lovely homes on the way to the Bluff, see the Harbour-Master's home, with its signal mast, and go right to the edge of the Bluff. We stop here for a few minutes looking North over Bass Strait. A 5000-ton ocean-going steamer glides past into the port, where ships up to 10,000 tons may be accommodated at the wharves. The big shipping firm of Holyman's was founded here 120 years ago, by the original William Holyman, whose descendants founded Australian National Airways.

Then we run back through the town's main street, noting the crowds and the traffic. This town of 5000 people is a thriving port, with increasing secondary industries. A large part of Tasmania's wheat is shipped from here: Mainlanders often do not realise that Tasmania produces anything up to 217,000 bushels of wheat a year. The town is growing and in a few years it may be officially entitled a city. Meanwhile it boasts one of the best Public Libraries in the State, with two volumes per head of population. Its tourist traffic is growing quickly, because there is fine shooting and fishing nearby and one of the prettiest nine-hole golf courses to be seen anywhere.

We run through the main street (which in May 1947) was lined with school-children's offerings in a Food for Britain appeal) and get out in the country again.

Still in sight of Quamby Bluff and Mount Roland (originally known as Rolland's Repulse, with a double L, because a Lieutenant Rolland was unable to climb it 120 years ago) we run along the coast, over the Forth River and so into Ulverstone.



The Bridge - Ulverstone.

Ulverstone is another port, but much smaller than Devonport. At the mouth of the River Leven, it is a tourist centre by virtue of the river, up which there are pleasant boat-trips for eight miles and first-class fishing, and interesting caves at Gunn's Plains. The surrounding district, as we have seen, is a charming medley of river, coast, farmlands and mountain scenery. As usual in these North West towns, there is a good beach almost in the main street — two miles of clean sand.

We go straight to Stone's Hotel for dinner, and have one of the greatest surprises of our tour. As we enter the Hotel, we see glass cupboards packed with Wedgewood china and other treasures, while cedar chairs and other antiques are scattered about the entrance hall and lounge.

A few minutes later, laughter from a bedroom attracts us there and we go along to our friends' room to find that our honeymoon couple have been put in "The Duke's Room". This room might well be in one of England's old inns. A Bahl walnut half-tester bedstead, draped with hand-woven English tapestry has us breathless with admiration. It is one of the most magnificent and valuable antiques in Australia, actually the largest single piece of antique furniture in the State. While laughing at the notion of the honeymooners being given this room, we quieten our laughter to admire the cedar chairs and settee, covered with the same tapestry as the bed, and the beautiful dressing table. An old portrait in oils on the wall above the big fire-place gives the finishing touch. This is an Old World room.

Convulsing the rest of us is the management's story that at one time the semi-circular canopy over the head of the bed was used to support a steel grille which closed the head of the bed as securely as if the occupant were in a bank. Legend relates this type of bed was once used in Europe to protect lovely ladies in remote country houses. Now a white curtain replaces the steel grille and our honeymooners have an amusing story to take back home.

An elderly married couple among our party is charmed with the Stonehaven Room, which has been allotted to them. This room has an old cedar four-poster bed, which came from Cork in 1832, made by the famous Cork firm of Ballinstine. It is matched by cedar chairs and wardrobe. Other excellent antiques and lovely cedar pieces are in the Three Sisters' Room, which has three fine beds and a cedar dressing table that arouses our antique-admirers to raptures.

Stone's Hotel contains a small fortune in antiques, and we realise that here is an inn out of the ordinary. At dinner, we are seated on cedar antique chairs and conversation is slow to begin, for we see as fine a collection of Venetian glass and rubywear pieces on the sideboards as we have seen for many a year. For the lover of antiques this hotel is worth a visit for the Venetian glass alone.

After dinner, the urbane host, E. W. T. Stone, gathers us in the lounge to tell us all about it. He is one of four members of the Stone family—Mary, Norman, and Stanley are the others — who run this hotel. Before the war they ran a hotel in another Tasmanian township, but when the men had to go to the war and manpower restrictions clamped down, the sister, Mary, had to sell up.

The Stone family is one of the oldest landed families in Tasmania, one of the families which came out over a century ago to build a little England in Tasmania.

Their estate was known as Stonehaven. It was packed with a magnificent collection of antiques, much of which was taken by the Stone brothers and their sister to the original hotel after taxation and other restrictions compelled the family to seek other interests. When the brothers went to the war and Miss Stone could not keep the hotel going, half the antiques were sold. They brought thousands of pounds. What is left is in the Ulverstone hotel.

When they came back from the war, the Stones looked about for a new hotel. They were not wealthy and could not buy a big going concern, as the hotel business in Tasmania, as in the rest of Australia, was enjoying a boom. They took over this hotel in Ulverstone because it was in a poor condition, was cheap, and had possibilities. They spent months to get it in order, but the result is that Stone's is probably the most interesting hotel in Tasmania. Apart from the interest of its antiques, Stone's is one hotel in which the customer is right. The table is superb, the vegetables and meat coming from the Stones' own farm at Abbotsham.

Mr. Eric Stone showed us many of his treasures, not the least of them being several paintings done by his mother many years ago. (Mrs. Stone is one of Tasmania's scenic artists.)

On the walls are four of a set of six English tapestries of unknown origin and age brought out from Cork by Mr. Stone's ancestors, with the four-poster bed upstairs. They show Venetian scenes of the 12th Century and must be centuries old. Two missing tapestries were destroyed in a fire at Stonehaven.

For many people Stone's may be outstanding for its cocktail bar. (The writer is a teetotaller, but this bar is simply beyond the question of mere drink.) At their pre-war hotel, the Stones built up a range of liqueurs which was not surpassed by any of the more famous mainland hotels. Miss Stone packed the collection for storage during the war, so that today Stone's have liqueurs which have not been seen elsewhere for years. . . . Fiori Alpini, a long bottle in which a twig gradually vanishes as the contents are drawn. . . . Greek Mastica. . . . American Forbidden Fruit. . . . Eau-de-Vie-de-Dantzig, in which traces of gold leaf sparkle. . . . D.O.M. Benedictine. . . . Isle of Skye Drambuie Whisky. . . . Green Chartreuse. . . . South African Van Der Hum. . . . Ctapin Kummel. . . . The rows of bottles on the shelves of the little cocktail bar are worth visiting, even for a teetotaller. For the connoisseur, this is a little paradise.

The teetotaller has been catered for also, for there are non-alcoholic drinks which may be drunk from cocktail glasses. . . . Royal Romance, Beauty Spot, Snowball Punch, etc. Interesting is the fact that the prices of these soft-drink cocktails is generally 6d. for a long glass. This is rather different from the mainland hotel charge for a mere lemondade.

The wine list at table in this hotel contains more than a hundred wines and liqueurs, apart from the list of cocktails. Of the latter, we were rather intrigued by Giggle Juice, The Monastery Secret, First Love, Angel's Love, Flapper's Frolic, and Green Devils . . . purely as names, of course.

A large part of the ground floor is occupied by an enormous horseshoe-shaped bar for the general public. It is well worth a visit as an example of what genuinely interested publicans can do for the public when they know their job and are not

merely thinking of making money for retirement. Meals are served at this bar, straight from the dining room, for farmers and other people passing through who might be dirty or dishevelled and hence rather shy of going into the dining room.

Altogether, this little hotel is a sight in itself and well worth a visit for the sheer pleasure of seeing it. Most of the accommodation is, however, completely and permanently booked by Pioneer Tours.

Really reluctant to leave this hotel, we are away next morning at 9.15 again. We are doing the return trip to Burnie before lunch, a run of twenty miles each way. Running out of the town over the river, we admire magnificent farming country, much of which is devoted to potatoes. After Penguin, a small coastal town with a fine ocean beach, we run along the coast past Preservation Bay, running a few yards inland from the railway. The rails are almost in the sea so close are they to Bass Strait. The line runs to Stanley and, like most Tasmanian railroads, is a single track.

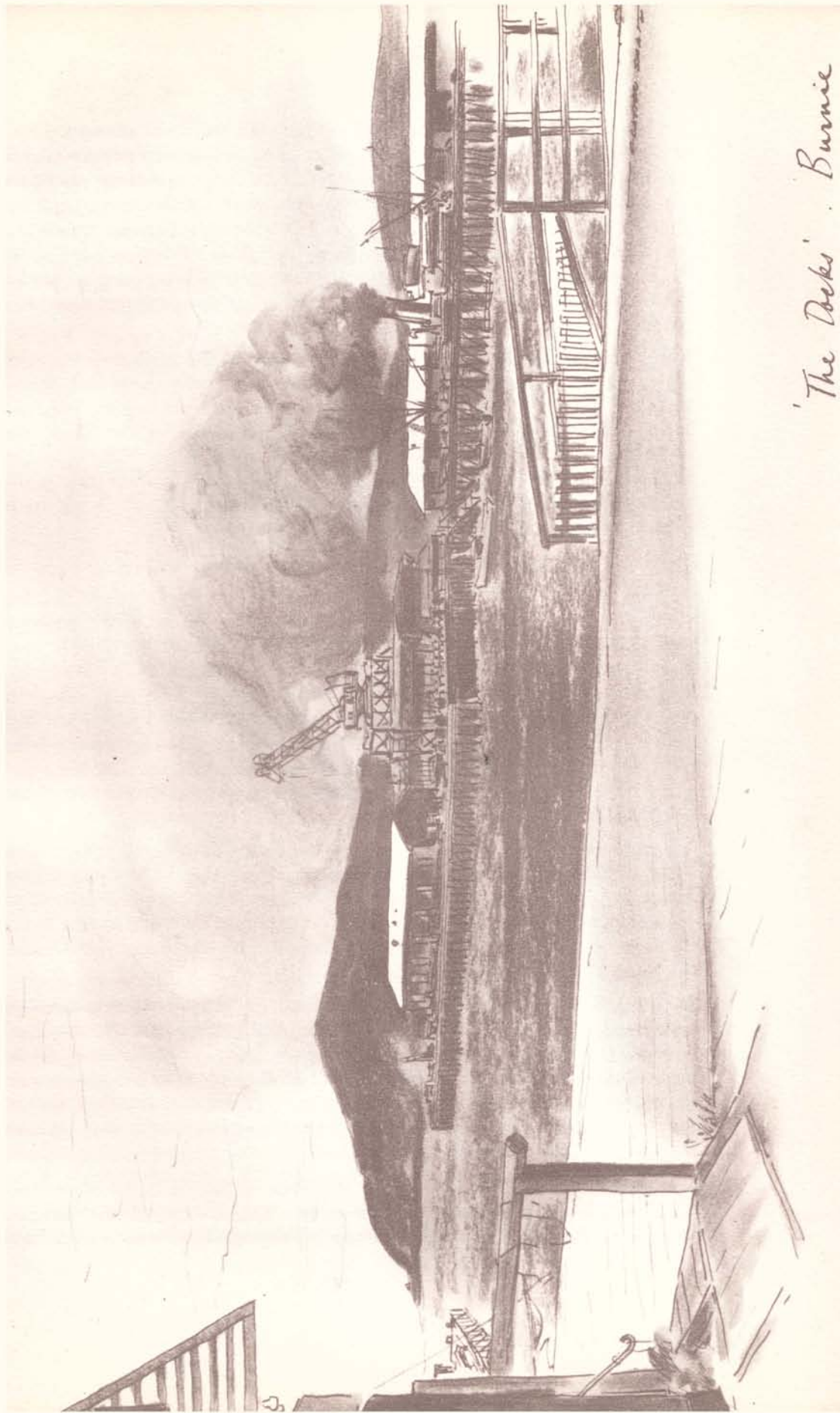
Driving along the coast, we see islets scattered in the Strait, on which, during a brisk windy day, the sea breaks with an impressive show of spray. Blythe, a little township on the river of the same name, may go ahead now that a large paint pigment factory has been built nearby by I.C.I.A.N.Z. The soils here have the colours needed for the industry. Further on are new houses built for the management and workers, and we pass several homes constructed of blocks made by a group of ex-servicemen in a little factory on this coast road.

Within a few minutes of Burnie, we pass the enormous works of the Associated Pulp and Paper Mills, where a large part of Australia's typing- and writing-paper is made. Those who have seen this paper on the Census and Income Tax forms and papers, and the few of us who have actually been able to purchase some of the paper the Government could not corner, know that this is excellent paper and up to foreign standards.

The works look over Emu Bay, on which Burnie stands, and with the red brick-work and decorations the scene is quite attractive. More than a thousand men and women are employed here and more than ninety per cent. of the wood used for pulp is cut in the eucalyptus forests of North-West Tasmania.

Until a few years ago, the establishment of a paper industry in Australia seemed out of the question, because the Commonwealth does not produce large quantities of softwoods, such as other countries use, for the pulp which forms the raw material of most papers. About 20 years ago, Perth Technical College experiments by officers of the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research produced a method of treating Australian hardwoods so that pulp could be produced from them. Many years' work had to be put in before the process could be cheapened and applied to industrial purposes. The trouble was, of course, that coniferous woods have a much longer fibre than eucalyptus woods, and reasonably strong paper could not be made from them until it was proved that the ratio of length to diameter of the eucalyptus fibre was such as to allow a satisfactory interweaving ("felting") of the fibres on the paper machine.

The North-West's eucalyptus forests are a tremendous reserve for the paper industry, and, as each tree is replaced by a sapling, the forests will exist indefinitely.



'The Docks' Burnie

The timber is cut into billets 3½ feet long. All the wood is chipped by big four-knife chippers, the firewood chips then being fed on step grates under high pressure boilers supplying steam to the mill units. Pulpwood chips are screened to remove dust and foreign matter, then fed into the three "digesters," which separate the fibres (cellulose) from the other contents (lignin, tannin, hemicelluloses, etc.). For newsprint (the paper on which newspapers are printed) the process is mechanical, by screening. But for better-class papers as produced at Burnie, the process is chemical — the chips are cooked at high temperatures and pressures in a dilute solution of caustic soda for hours.

The resulting pulp, about 40 per cent. weight of the original chips, is light-brown, but bleaching whitens it. Then beating machines remove clots from the fibres and make them even, damp them (hydration), and develop hairiness on the fibres. This beating is the most important process of the lot, for the degree to which the fibres are beaten controls the quality of the paper. Clay is added to fill between the fibres (up to 25 per cent) and give a glossy surface. Size is added to control the water and ink resistance, and both starch and sodium silicate help to give the quality and finish you expect.

The Burnie mills produce 27,000 tons of paper a year and will be extended as greater production is needed.

In the distance, as we go into Burnie itself, we see Table Cape, a promontory near which are five of the finest dairy farms in Australia. The soil there is so wonderful that the farms are literally priceless: you cannot buy them. Their output is almost entirely taken by Northern Tasmanian hotels. Emu Bay, along which we run, is almost cut in half by a great breakwater, behind which are Burnie wharves. The land between the paper mills and the end of the breakwater is being reclaimed under the township's big harbour scheme, costing £1,500,000 over the next twenty years. It will spoil the beach, which runs right into the town, but the result will be that foreshore development will help city progress.

At present, Burnie port wharves can take as many as six ocean-going steamers, up to 30,000 tons, which should be sufficient for any ship that will be calling at Australian ports. It is the chief port for all North-West Tasmania and railways run from it to the mining centres of the West at Mount Lyell and Mount Bischoff. There are several co-operative butter factories in and near the town and most of the North-West's potatoes are shipped out of Burnie.

With 9000 population, Burnie is the third city of Tasmania—next to Launceston and above Devonport. It has tripled its population since 1933. So one can see how prosperous the North and North-West is when they boast most of the large towns in all Tasmania. The local *Advocate* is the only daily newspaper outside of Launceston and Hobart. It has such a large distribution all over the North-West that its circulation is actually greater than the population of Burnie — a unique thing in newspaper circulations.

Vital factor in the development of Burnie is that it is the closest of all Tasmanian ports to Melbourne, which is only 215 miles across the Strait. Air services can land a Burnie business man in Melbourne's downtown area within

2½ hours of leaving his Burnie office. Wynyard aerodrome is only 12 miles away. Sea services make Burnie the obvious port of export and for mainland imports. In the summer season overseas mailboats call there.

This district between Devonport and Burnie is famous politically as the electorate which returned Australia's first woman member of the House of Representatives, Dame Enid Lyons. Her husband, the late Joseph Lyons, was the only Tasmanian ever to become Prime Minister of the Commonwealth. The Lyons' home is just outside Devonport.

A walk around Burnie's main streets shows us that this is a most lively little city, crammed with shops and traffic. But we have only a half hour to look about, including the enjoyment of a cup of tea and the scribbling of a few scenic postcards.

If we were not in this organised tour, we could continue along the coast by the Bass Highway to Stanley or Smithtown. Stanley, terminus of the 168 miles railway from Launceston, is on an isthmus connecting Circular Head with the mainland of Tasmania — The Nut is a great mass of basalt rising 485 feet above the sea. Or we could run south by train or road, the railway running through Zeehan to Strahan, on Macquarie Harbour, and the road passing Mount Bischoff mines to Corinna, near the coast. This road is the Waratah Highway, one of the scenic highways of Australia. When the Tasmanian Government builds its contemplated extension of this Highway to Strahan, tourists will be able to motor right through the West from Burnie to Queenstown and across to Hobart. Pioneer coaches will take this route when it is built. At present one can go by rail to Strahan and then by road to Queenstown and across to Hobart, but it takes a long time, as the trains are rather comic opera.

However, we run back to Ulverstone for lunch at Stone's. On the way, we hear that Penguin *was* named because of the sea-birds found there: before the little township grew up, the point, at which the present jetty protrudes into the sea, was well known as a resort for penguins, which are still seen in considerable numbers on this part of the coast.

After lunch at Ulverstone, we say good-bye to the Coast and to the black sealed roads which we have enjoyed since Launceston. For now we start running inland. We go along the Devonport road to the Forth River, by Forth township, and then turn inland to take a circuitous country road to Deloraine.

The first section of the run follows the Forth River along the sides of gorges, at the bottom of which the river tumbles and rushes in rapids. In the distance is Cradle Mountain, the highest of the line of mountains, which fills the sky to the west and south. Cradle Mountain rises 5069 feet, has a lovely lake (Dove Lake) at its foot, and is one of the Island's great scenic joys. It is the highest peak in Tasmania, and many climbers go there by road from Sheffield (a township we see later on this afternoon and which is 40 miles from the mountain). This drive should be better known to Mainlanders. Our party regard it as one of the most beautiful on the entire tour. The bush is thick and the views superb.

Then we pass several timber mills and little settlements before turning off into the bush beside the river. A half mile along the side road and we are at the

picnic ground for the Forth Falls, where we leave the car, and stroll up the path to the Falls, which are in two tiers. The second tier is the best, but it cannot be seen at the level of the first, and the only way to get to it is along a bush path climbing up the side. The world here seems to be full of tinkling water and ferns and bush. The climb is rather too much for elderly people, but well worth the effort for the others. Though the falls are small, they are very pretty, and the setting is really charming. The camera enthusiasts have a field day here.

After a delightful half-hour, we climb into the car again to run through mixed bush and cleared country, the latter producing some of the best potatoes in Tasmania, into the dairying country west of Deloraine. We are in sight of Mount Roland a good deal of the way — a tumbling mass of rocky crags rising alone from the low, rolling farmlands to the north of it. None of the other Tasmanian peaks is quite as impressive as this 4000-foot mass.

Roland and Sheffield townships pass quickly. Roads run through Sheffield to Cradle Mountain from Deloraine, and thus from Launceston, and also to the caves at Mole Creek. The chief cave is King Solomon's, whose limestone formations are beautifully tinted. The big St. Paul's Cathedral in Marakooa Cave is the outstanding single cavern. Marakooa, incidentally, is one of the few Australian caves lit by glowworms.

For cave-enthusiasts, Mole Creek is a wonderful spot. There is a great deal of exploration to be done underground here, as few of the caves have been explored very far. The tourist caves are all lit with electricity and there is a resident guide. Naturalists are always at home in these places, which are the residences of spiders, bats, crickets and all the other curious things dear to the hearts of bug-hunters.

We run on through Stoodley, turn south at Railton and keep right on more or less parallel to the Bass Highway until we join the main road on the south side of Elizabethtown.

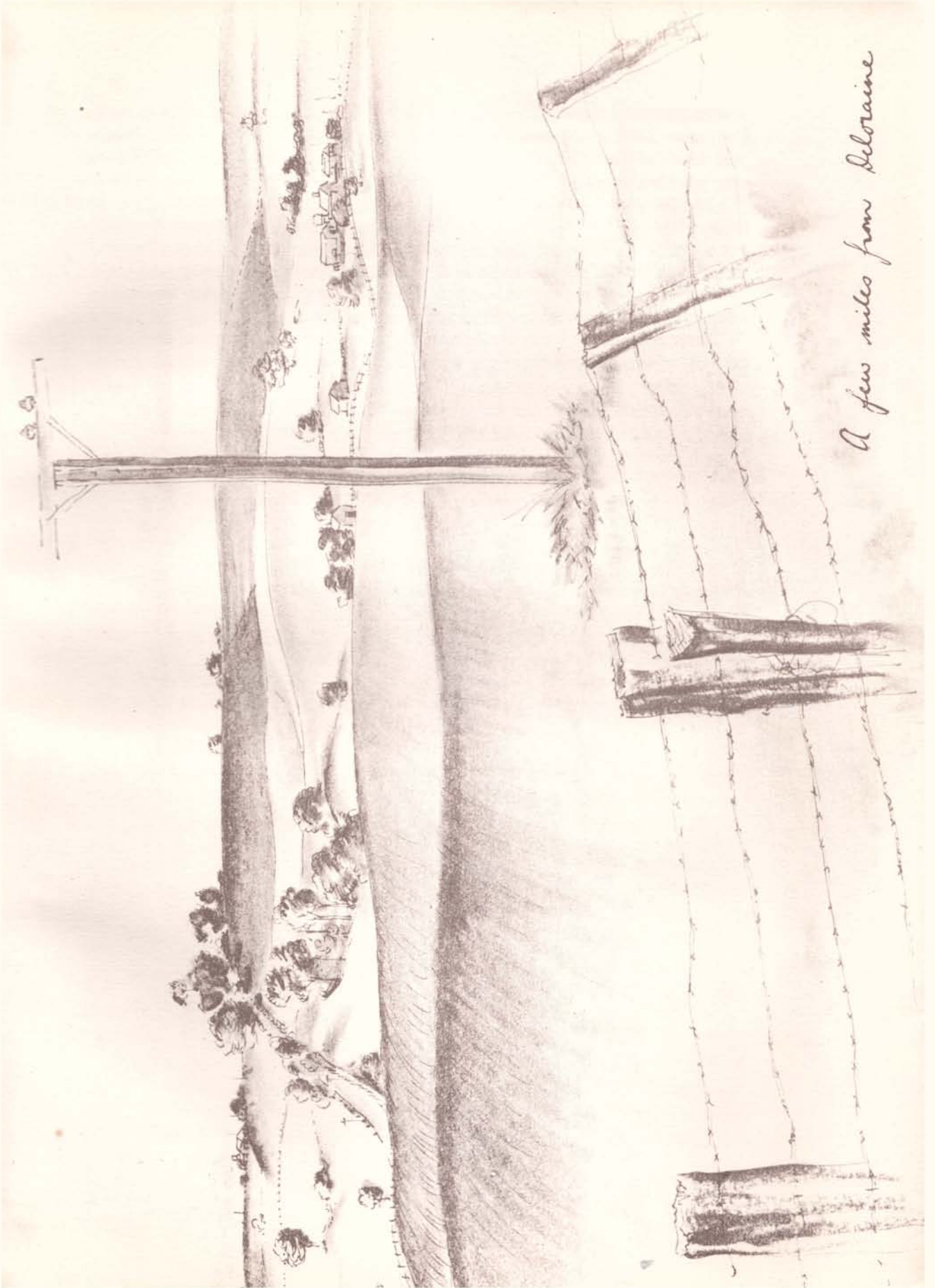
Elizabethtown, by the way, is a township without houses. There are a school, stores, and a public house, even a church, but the houses are scattered about on the nearby farms.

For the collector of queer names, the township of Beulah stands alone. We passed near this delightfully named hamlet this afternoon after passing through Sheffield. For those who may have sung the old hymn about Beulahland, the name has added interest. Few people ever expected to be so near Beulah in this life.

At Deloraine we stay in the hotel only long enough to claim our rooms, and then we are out again for a walk. The shops straggle along the main road for a mile on the other side of the bridge over the Meander, that delightfully-named river which is well-known among trout-fishers. The willows and other English trees give the river, town and bridge an English air which we missed up around Burnie and Devonport.

By the hotel is a very imposing church, St. Mark's, which boasts an English-village type of steeple and one of the worst-kept cemeteries we have ever seen. There must be interesting tombstones in that yard, but the masses of brambles and

A few miles from Deloraine



blackberries, and the weathered condition of the stones themselves, make exploration rather difficult and sometimes painful. As Deloraine is a tourist centre, being only 25 miles from the Great Lake, it is a wonder the church authorities do not clear up this graveyard. The interior of the Church itself is most attractive.

Deloraine is a very old-established township, as the date of 1848 on one of the hotels shows. It is named after a village in the county of Selkirkshire, Scotland, but whether the name of the river comes from its meandering habits or it was named by a pioneer of classical tastes is something the textbooks do not make clear. Certainly, this is a township in which one could spend a happy holiday for a week, fishing or exploring the country by bike, car or on foot.

After a chat with some local people by the lounge fire, we go to bed early. For tomorrow we have a big day — we go right through the West to Queenstown.

Lake St. Clair — Queenstown

OUR driver makes sure we will be up early this morning — he knocks us up in person at 6.30, as we must be away at 8.10. He explains over breakfast that if we do not get away at this time, we would be caught behind some of the big timber trucks which fill the road south of Deloraine and would make us up to three hours late getting into Queenstown. As it is, we have 142 miles before us, and if we can be in Queenstown at about 3.30 p.m., we can have afternoon tea, walk about the town, rest and then go up to Mount Lyell after dinner. This programme has our enthusiastic approval.

So we are away early, running due south on a crisp Tasmanian morning. We climb quickly into the hills up the side of the same Quamby Bluff which has followed us most of the time since we left Launceston. Part of this mountain climb is through a real tunnel of bush, so closely do the trees and ferns hem us in on the road. In the valleys, the early morning mists are spread low beneath us: to a poor-sighted eye they would be indistinguishable from real lakes and we have to look closely to make sure they are not lakes. Imposing panoramas spread out before us, a jumble of mountains and valleys. And here and there in the bush are the homes of timber-cutters (not country palaces, these) and an occasional bush sawmill. We are well ahead of the timber trucks, however.

We pass Golden Valley and climb to the top of the Great Western Tiers. The pretty snowberry bush is (fortunately for us) covered with the queer little berry-like flowers at this time of the year — March-May. The ladies must stop to pick some, but the driver grins as he tells us we can put our hands out of the windows on the Queenstown road and snatch berries without stopping. We find the berries are not berries at all. They are waxy flowers whose thick, stiff petals are turned inwards to meet. For the ladies, they make delightful sprays.

There are black cockatoos about here, one or two screeching away as they hear us: the clawed trunks of the stringybarks would betray them even if we did not see the birds.

Then we are out of the bush into clear country, which is buried under snow a good part of the year. The bushes are stunted and the most interesting sights are the wall-like ranges level before us. It is cold up here all through the year and the ladies snuggle into their coats, their cheeks glowing with the cold, bracing air.

The peak of our climb is 3968 feet, which is marked by a signpost that some of us photograph. This is the highest point of our tour until we are on top of Mount Wellington, near Hobart. To the right we see Pine Lake, the only water in Tasmania which provides ice-skating. The main tree is the Tasmanian Pencil Pine, a straight and stunted tree known to the scientific as *Arthrolaxis Cupressodes*. A sign warns people:

"These unique trees have been growing for hundreds of years.

Do not destroy them."

Any tree which can grow with such grace on the top of the world and in such snow as the winters offer up here, has our admiration and best wishes for a long life. In this rather barren roof of Tasmania, it provides an impressive sight.

We go quickly downhill, coming without warning into an amazing view of the Great Lake. The largest lake in Tasmania, the Great Lake lies 3300 feet above sea-level and covers the exact centre of Tasmania. With an area of some 36,000 acres, it has a shoreline of 100 miles, and most of those acres and miles are blessed with first-rate trout fishing. The Lake is stocked with Brown and Rainbow Trout up to 8 lb., but averaging 4½ lb. All over the world trout-enthusiasts speak of the Great Lake of Tasmania in the same breath with Lake Taupo of New Zealand.

Or so we are told, for we do not see any trout! We see an expanse of fresh water — the greatest freshwater lake in Australia — spread out in front of us among the hills. Dead trees standing in the water some distance from the shores remind us that the Lake has been augmented by stored water since the dam was constructed at the southern end.

As we descend the road to the Lake's level, we can see the white outline of the dam on the Shannon River at the far end of the Lake. The Shannon, which is known in Tasmania as the "finest dry-fly-fishing river in the world," is fast, wide and shallow, its water as clear as you would expect of a mountain stream, its banks clear of bushes. In certain seasons this river literally boils with trout as they move upstream from the Shannon Lagoon below the Lake, feeding on a local moth that hatches between the lagoon and the Lake. Rainbow trout of 13½ lb. have been taken in this river.

The Great Lake is one of the centres of the Tasmanian Hydro-Electric Scheme, as we will see when we reach Tarraleah tomorrow morning. Meanwhile, we descend to the township of Breona, where the Chalet stands. Huts for holiday fishermen can be seen among the trees by the Lake, some of them quite attractive, but most of them are strictly utilitarian.

The enormous hydro-electric pylons, which carry power to the North-West look like strange, long-legged giants — a weird sight in this rather desolate region.

Running by the side of the Lake for its entire length, we notice launches and rowboats on the water. In season these waters are popular with fishermen, who use four methods: trolling from boats, spinning from the shore, fly-fishing from the shore, or wet fly-fishing from a boat. As there is no road on the eastern shore (we are on the west, of course) those bays can be fished only from a canoe or boat. The season runs from September 1 to April 30 for Brown Trout, and from November 1 to April 30 for Rainbow Trout. A special licence is required to fish in this Lake, the Shannon River and Lagoon, Lake Leake, or the Penstock Lagoon. Live baits are banned and the hours (which are regulated) are from an hour before sunrise to half an hour after sunset. It is illegal to take any fish under 14 inches long.

All along the Lake, and for some distance beyond, we pass through gates — or rather through one side of them, for cattle traps are set in the open side to prevent stock straying through. There are a good many cattle and sheep farms (hardly stations in this small scale!) around the Great Lake, where the country is certainly not fitted for agriculture. This country is as barren as it looks. The mineral resources map of Tasmania shows no known minerals in the entire centre of the State: presumably the region has been surveyed, for it has been opened for many years. For miles about the Lake, the country is dolerite (lower jurassic), with a streak of tertiary basalt running south-west (along our road).



View of the Great Lake.

The main trees here are snowgums. We pass over rather barren country across the Ouse River, which we will meet again tomorrow afternoon not far from Hobart, to the Serpentine River Valley. Here the road follows a route high above the river, as in many another gorge in Tasmania, but without the lush bush of those other gorges. Over more streams and then through Bronte, where the cross-roads signs tell us the road to the left goes to Hobart. Drivers of big trucks from Launceston and Hobart going through the West to Queenstown change here with Queenstown drivers, so that each may spend the night at home in his own town. A little way beyond, on the left of the road, is the home of a rabbit trapper, whose innumerable dogs are quartered in kennels all around the house. There are many rabbit skins drying on frames, for this is ideal rabbit country. We saw a good many yesterday and today.

The bush is rather better now, the trees becoming denser as we run west to Derwent Bridge. There are a few timber camps and some houses occupied by timber-cutters and their families. There is even an habitable vacant house which our driver says we could have for five shillings a week. We decide this is too lonely country, even at that rent. The nearest township is Queenstown in the West or Ouse in the East, both being 50 miles away. As we approach Derwent Bridge through some high timber, mountains seem to fill the sky. It is a lovely and impressive country.

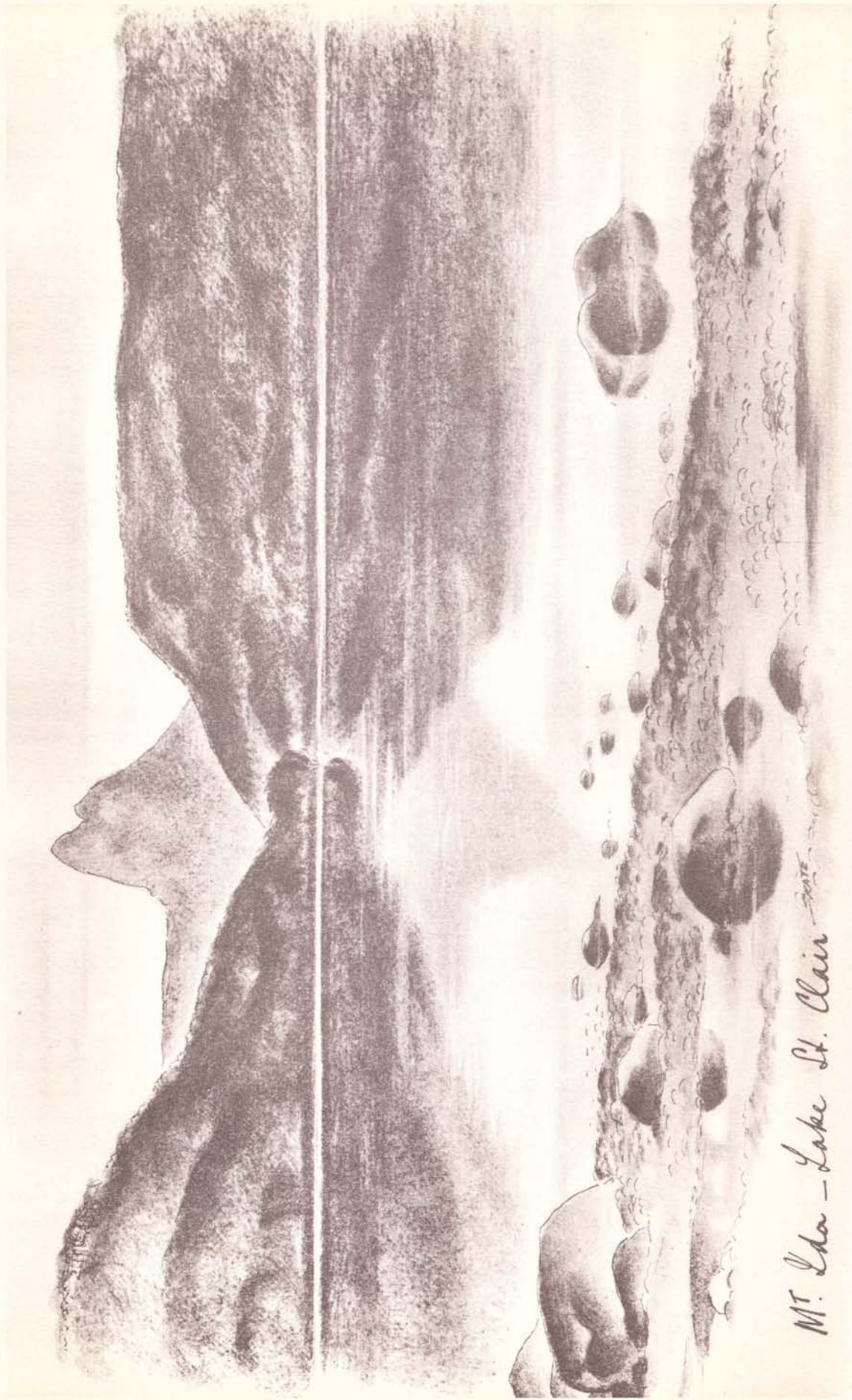
We cross the Derwent River, the mouth of which forms Hobart's Harbour, and stop at the Derwent Bridge Hotel for lunch.

Derwent Bridge is the centre of life for many miles, but there is no township here. The only buildings are the hotel and its outhouses : the post office is a little room in the hotel. Trucks and buses to and from Hobart, Queenstown, and Launceston stop for lunch or a drink, so the hotel is very busy. There are roaring fires in this hotel most of the year, for up here the ten months are cool or cold. And what an appetite we have after that bracing ride across the roof of Tasmania ! We are glad lunch is at midday — we breakfasted earlier than usual this morning. The waiter is so affable about second helpings we believe big appetites must be a rule up here.

If this hotel had the accommodation it could be a tourist centre without any equal in all Tasmania and a goldmine for the people who own it. But it is unfortunately small and can take only a few guests. However, a Pioneer hotel will be erected by the Lake very soon.

The present hotel is only four miles from the southern end of the most beautiful lake in Australia — Lake St. Clair. People may quarrel as to which is the loveliest lake on the Mainland, but nobody from Mount Gambier or Gippsland will disagree with the national title being given to St. Clair. It can be compared only with the lakes of New Zealand, Switzerland, or the Rockies.

St. Clair is set deep among rain-forests; around it tower mountains clad with beeches, blackwood, sassafras, gums, pines, with an undergrowth of fern trees. Everything is permanently green, illuminated in season by the flowering wattles, waratahs, leatherwood, and laurels, and the brilliant berries. Away north stretches



MT. Ida - Lake St. Clair ^{State Park}

the Du Cane Range, a mass of broken and rugged dolerite, scored with canyons, rather like the Mount Roland which impressed us so much yesterday. Nearer are Mounts Ida and Olympus, rising sheer.

After lunch we drive along the side road to the southern end of the lake to spend a few minutes looking across the still, deep waters. St. Clair is a deep cleft that drops 600 feet . . . the local legend is that it has never been fathomed, but that story is told of most deep lakes all over the world. The lake is ten miles long and easily crossed by launch, a journey which affords a scenic treat for the tourists who make it.

Mount Olympus is fairly easily climbed by a rough track: the view from the peak is one of the finest panoramas of mountain ranges to be enjoyed anywhere. Tracks run all through the tangled mass of ranges and bush which run for many miles north and north-west beyond the lake.

The country over a great strip running north to Cradle Mountain has been declared a Scenic Reserve, protecting more than 308,000 acres of mountain and bush scenery for the people of Tasmania. Fortunately, it was protected early enough to escape any spoliation by timber interests or settlers. Tracks run its entire length of 60 miles, and tourists can walk from end to end of the Reserve, the hike taking five days from hut to hut. Packhorses are supplied at Waldheim Chalet (Cradle Mountain end) or at the south end. As the track ascends to 4000 feet in places, a sleeping bag is a necessity on this trip.

This walk is on a par with the famous Milford Track in New Zealand's Westland country, and will be famous before very long. The principals of the Tasmanian Government Tourist Department have done a good deal to popularise this country by climbing its peaks themselves. When adequate accommodation is made available to tourists, the Reserve would become as popular as the Kosciusko or Buffalo countries in N.S.W. and Victoria.

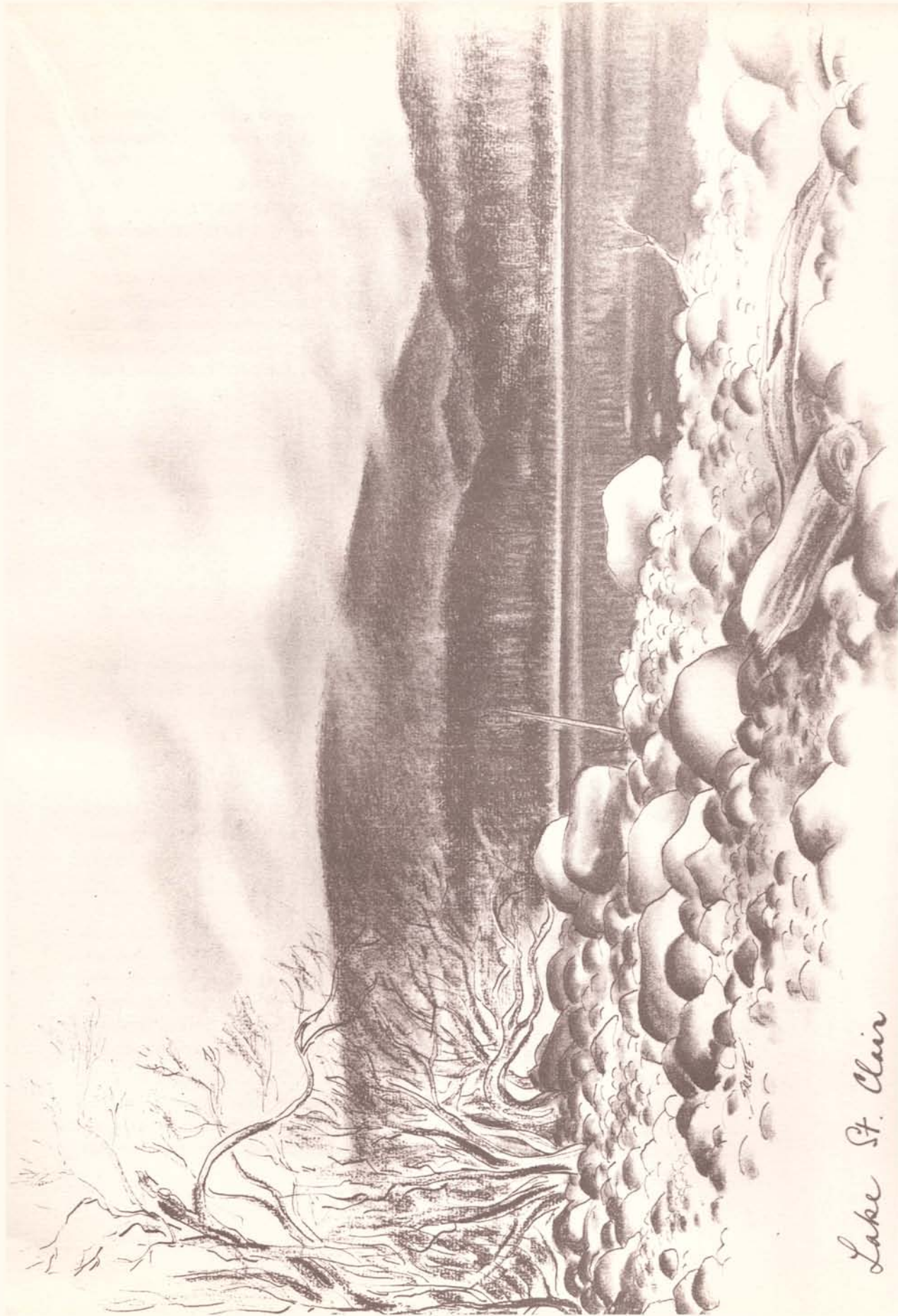
We have time only to glance at the lake, as our car is stopped for a few minutes at the southern end, but even that short visit impresses us. What a site for the new Pioneer hotel!

St. Clair is Tasmania's second largest lake, although it does not compare with Great Lake as a fishermen's resort, good trout are taken out of its shallows.

For the naturalist the lake country is an absolute paradise. The freshwater shrimp, Anaspides, and its relative, Paraspides, have survived in these lakes and rivers little altered by the passage of a hundred thousand years, since the Permo-Carboniferous Period. Elsewhere in the world, Anaspides is represented only by fossils in ancient rocks. Tasmania has other freshwater crustaceans which may be called "living fossils," but Anaspides and Paraspides are the most celebrated. Every Tasmanian boy and girl know of them. Tasmania has also the world's largest freshwater crayfish, known scientifically as *Astacopsis*.

For the historian Lake St. Clair is interesting, as it was discovered by one of the most amazing characters ever recorded in history, Jorgen Jorgensen, the so-called King of Iceland.

Jorgensen was son of a respectable and talented Court clockmaker at Copenhagen, member of a clever family which had scientific leanings and a good reputa-



Lake St. Clair

tion at the Court of Denmark, when Jorgensen was born in 1780. At 14 he ran away to sea in an English collier, served four years before the mast, and then was a seaman in a whaler off South Africa for another four years. In 1800 he joined the crew of the *Lady Nelson* for a voyage to Australia, and in 1803 he was first mate of the brig when Lieutenant Bowen's party landed to form the first settlement in Tasmania, at Risdon, near Hobart. He was the first man ever to chase whales in the Derwent estuary.

Back in England, Jorgensen struck up friendships with such prominent persons as Sir Joseph Banks, and they secured him a diplomatic post to represent Britain on the Continent. For a man who had started life as a runaway sailor, he was climbing fast! But his bad streak came out: a taste of luxury whetted his appetite, and he soon formed an insane passion for gambling. That ruined his career within a few months; after several periods in gaol, he had to go back to Copenhagen.

The Danes were then fighting Britain on Napoleon's side. As a former British naval officer, Jorgensen was given command of a Danish privateer (the *Admiral Juul*, 28 guns), in which he tackled the British ship *Sappho* with most unfortunate results: he had to surrender.

On parole as a prisoner of war, Jorgensen went among his friends so successfully that he was given command of a ship taking provisions to Iceland, where British blockades had cut off the Icelanders from Danish supplies. On his second voyage (a P.O.W. commanding a British ship!) he went ashore to imprison the Danish Governor and declare himself King of Iceland.

As King, Jorgensen was successful and able. The Icelanders were rather disappointed when a British warship arrived to arrest Jorgensen, not for his acts in Iceland, but for leaving England without securing official permission from the military authorities.

The Dane sank right back again. He threw himself into a life of vice and crime. Imprisoned for selling the furniture of his lodgings, his friends secured him a pardon after 20 months, but he was soon rearrested. Sentenced to death, he was rescued by his friends once more and transported to Van Diemen's Land, in 1825. On the voyage out the ship's surgeon died and Jorgensen was made acting ship's surgeon for the rest of the journey. So in 1826 he returned to the colony which he had helped to found in 1803.

The authorities realised Jorgensen was a brilliant, if unbalanced man, and they gave him an appointment as a police constable at Oatlands. He was an explorer (discovering this lake), an author (writing his autobiography, novels, plays and works on philosophy and religion), and helpless rogue. His Tasmanian wife was a shrew who made his life a misery. When he died in the Hobart Hospital in 1845, the general verdict was that there died a genius who was cursed with his own vices.

Looking back on Jorgensen, one cannot help recalling that it was one of the recognised sights of Oatlands settlement 120 years ago to see the former King of Iceland pursued along the street by his wife waving a broom. There are several



Sunset - near Levent Bridge

novels and biographies of Jorgensen, but these are out of print and obtainable only in large public libraries. They are worth reading.

Back on the main road again, the driver takes us out of the poorer bush country to the Plateau into the glorious rain forest of the West Coast. We climb the King William Saddle and descend Surprise Valley, past dense rain forests of myrtles and King William Pine. Timber camps are scattered through the bush and every dead tree and post is thick with moss, so damp is the climate. Mists make the mountains vague, and as the mists grow thicker over the Saddle we see King William Mountain itself, half shrouded.

Beyond the 2720 feet Saddle, we are in a new world. Literally dozens of mountain peaks are half-hidden in the mists. The whole scene is unreal and unearthly and has a beauty of its own. For miles we drive along this mountain road, and its innumerable turnings, its precipices, and its wealth of ferns and snowberries, which make a white fringe along the road. Many of these King William Pines are a thousand years old : the forest itself (too imposing for the mere name of bush) seems as old as time.

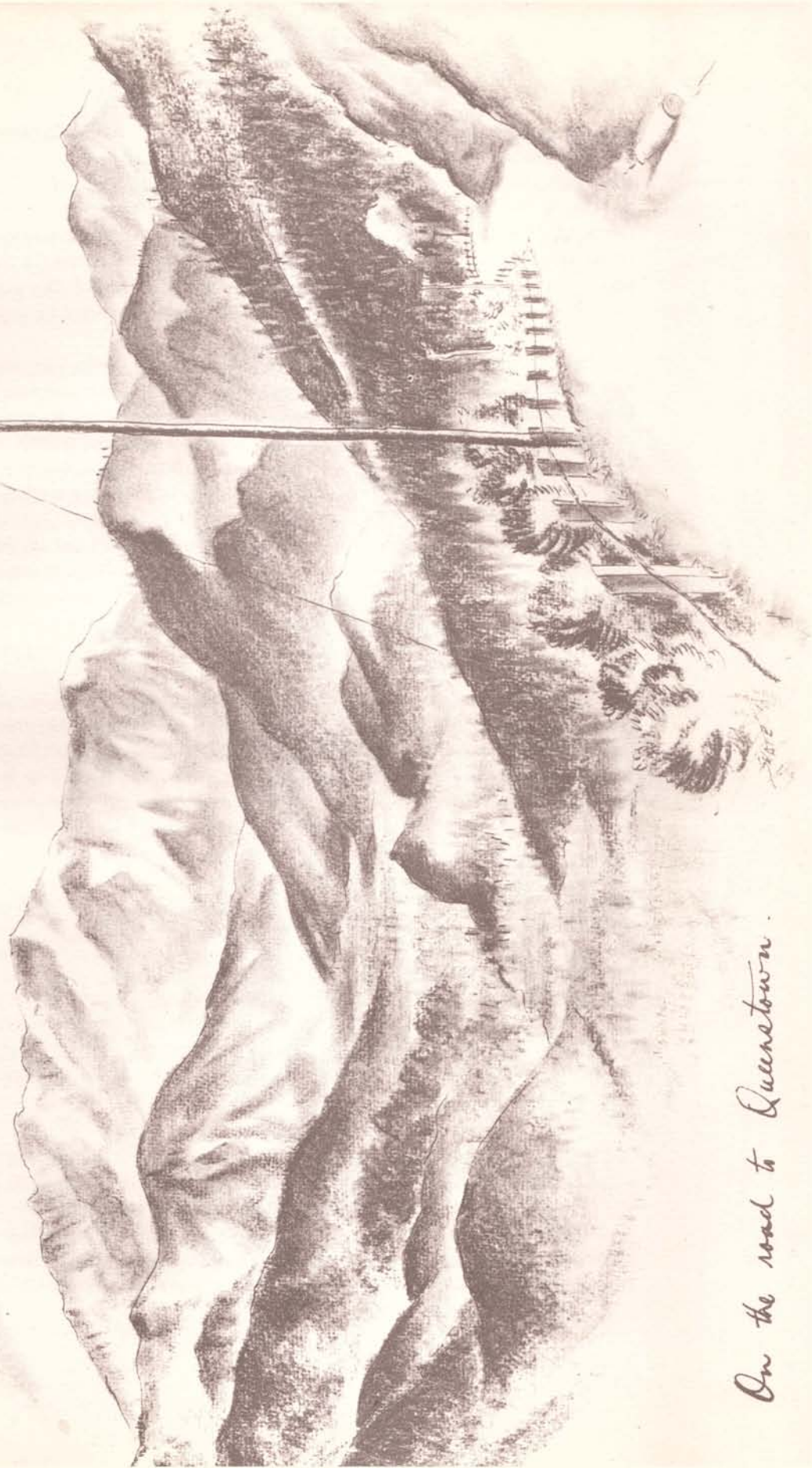
The road has changed too. As we pass the Saddle it changes to a greasy-looking white, for up here there is white shale everywhere. The road is like this all the way to Queenstown, and a very good road for this country, too, as the endless rain quickly drains away.

We strike rain, of course, on part of the forest track. Over here it rains on as many as 300 days of the year, with a total of up to a hundred inches a year : near Queenstown the annual average rainfall is 140 inches a year. Melbourne by comparison gets some 26 inches a year on the average ! Rain is the usual weather when one passes Lake St. Clair, although summer days in the West can be very lovely. The forest never dries : the undergrowth is always soaking wet and most of the year the great trees drip continuously.

The explorers over here had no easy task. Nor had the men, largely unemployed, who put the road through from Derwent Bridge in 1930-2. Until then there was no way in and out of Queenstown except by ship and road from Strahan, or by rail and road up to Burnie. The heavy weather on the West Coast often held up shipping. Today this road carries most of Queenstown's supplies in trucks, of which we see little, because the traffic is mostly by night or morning.

Then we quickly leave this wonderland of jungle-like rain forest and mist-clad mountains to pass through an immense valley from which the forest has been (accidentally, probably) cleared by fires many years ago. The contrast is shocking. We pass over river and river, all rushing and rapid and brown, as mountain streams should be. On the left is a side road from which a track leads to the top of Frenchman's Cap, 4736 feet high. As the day is misty we cannot see the Cap, but that track is one of the scenic wonders of the Island. We also pass the Raglan Range, with views of 4000 feet mountain peaks towering above us as we pass through the valley.

Our road is known as the Lyell Highway and we agree with the tourist pamphlets which claim that the 54 miles west of Derwent Bridge form one of the world's most magnificent mountain highways, comparable with the best in Europe,



On the road to Queenstown.

North America, or New Zealand. We admire, too, the engineering achievement and the discomforts of the men who worked to put this road through. "Ninety-nine turns in three miles alone," the driver tells us. But we lose count before twenty.

South of us the map shows enormous empty spaces — the only names are those of mountain ranges, the Deception, Elliott, Prince of Wales, D'Aguilar. It is marked "Rough, Mountainous, Unsettled", all the way over that entire segment between Macquarie Harbour and Port Davey, Derwent Bridge and the Huon. Beyond this road there are only a few prospectors.

The mineral wealth of the West Coast at and above Queenstown is known to all Australians. But below the Lyell Range, surveys have yet to be made. Here may be another Mount Lyell or Mount Bischoff, even another Broken Hill. There must be inconceivable wealth locked away in that almost impenetrable country. For down there, within a few minutes of the road we have used today, is the horizontal bush country, in which the trees grow parallel to the ground, making a platform of branches upon which a man may walk, until he falls through to his death. There are only trees and rivers, mountains and valleys. There are no permanent settlements of any kind. The four big rivers on the West Coast—the Arthur, Franklin, Pieman and Gordon—total 400 miles in length, and yet have not one solitary settler on their banks. A large part of this country is not even properly mapped; some of it is even unexplored, though the main features are, of course, well known.

In the next few years, Tasmania hopes to open this region, first by sending a party of bushmen through to make a track near the coast from Macquarie Harbour to Port Davey, in the far South-West corner. This track will permit survey parties to work their way through for the survey of a road which will be built over the next twenty years — if the Commonwealth helps with funds. Another road would be put through from Hobart to Port Davey, so that a tourist highway would run right from Hobart to Port Davey and up to Queenstown through the leastknown bush country in Australia outside Arnhemland. When this is done, Tasmania expects tourists to flock from all over the world. Our Lyell Highway gives only a taste of what that road will offer our children. But it will be a big job of engineering and will cost Tasmania hundreds of thousands of pounds before it is completed. It is the biggest single task before the Tasmanian people, who are most enthusiastic about it. This region has been vacant space on the map for 140 years, although it was the first part of Tasmania ever sighted—Tasman first sighted land off the South-West Coast in 1642. Apart from the tourist value of the road, the Government hopes to exploit the mineral wealth which must be locked up in that country.

A magnificent task for Tasmanian youth !

Down in that region, too, are the last specimens of the almost extinct Tasmanian Wolf, for which an expedition specially sent from Melbourne searched the horizontal bush country in 1946 without success.

The Tasmanian Wolf is not a wolf at all: it is sometimes called a Tiger, and both names come from its rather wolfish appearance, with dark stripes across its back. It is by no means a handsome animal.

Officially it is known as the Thylacine (*Thylacirus cynocephalus*), a polyprotodont marsupial about five feet long from nose to tailtip, grey-brown with a tawny tinge, and shorter in the legs than any dog of its size. At one time it roamed all over Australia, but in the period known to white men it was seen only in Tasmania. There, it has been killed off by irate farmers and the development of the land, until it is sighted only occasionally in the remote West country. In a coastal area it lives on carrion, dead animals on the beach. But near settlements it will kill anything from sheep to poultry. In the bush here it lives on small animals such as ant-eaters.

It once roamed all over the island with the Tasmanian Devil, another but smaller marsupial about 40 inches long from nose to tailtip. Both animals are ugly, bad-tempered and vicious, and settlers have hunted them incessantly with guns and dogs. But the Devil is often seen in many parts of Tasmania and may never be extinct.

Zoologists are fascinated by the Devil and Wolf-Tiger because these are the only marsupials of their kind left in the world. If any place were to be called the Land of Living Fossils, that place is Tasmania. For the average visitor, however, the pair have only a museum interest: they are never seen by the tourist, although a Devil may be found in a zoo. The man who brings a Tasmanian Wolf to an American zoo will make a fortune. Speaking of them from the purely personal standpoint, both animals are stinking and vicious, and Tasmanians are entirely agreed that outside zoos they are not missed from the Tasmanian landscape.

There are about 20 marsupial species in Tasmania, of which the Devil and Wolf are most prominent. Most interesting native Tasmanian creatures are the egg-laying Monotremes, which include the Platypus and the Spiny Ant-eater, the most primitive living animals in the world, and the last living representatives of the egg-laying reptiles which were the ancestors of modern animals. No wonder zoologists from all over the world regard Tasmania as their paradise!

We are now passing the Raglan Range. Beyond, we see Mount Owen and Mount Lyell. Beside the road are the homes of timber-cutters and the deserted huts of the prospectors who hoped to find fortunes in this country—some of them did, too. We are coming to a settled area again, inland from Queenstown.

As we watch, the country grows bare. Bush thins out until, as we approach Mount Lyell, there is a considerable difference. We are nearing the Queenstown area of destruction, where the bush has been literally burned off the face of the earth and the earth itself washed down into the mountain streams. The inside of the car is quiet as we watch. This is a tremendous sight.

We drive across a flat in a valley, looking up at Mounts Lyell and Owen. The driver tells us that beyond Mount Lyell lies Queenstown.

The vegetation grows thinner. We pass a timber mill, where the people wave to us, and we start climbing one of the most spectacular roads in the world. Everywhere, the vegetation has vanished, though behind us it is straggling back in stunted bushes. For five miles into Queenstown we climb round turn after turn, as sharp as a hairpin, the road looking right down into a deep valley. There is no protective rail on most of these turns—drivers on Tasmanian mountain roads must

depend on their own ability. And there is no continual honking of horns, as on mainland mountain roads. Apart from the roar of truck and bus engines climbing behind us, the valley is silent.

There are no birds. This is a dead valley. Above us the mountain is so steep we cannot look up at it, but across the valley Mount Owen rises 3600 feet, with not a tree upon it. The entire mountain has been naked for years, for when Queenstown was first settled, the main trees were burned off by great bushfires started by sheer carelessness. Then the fumes from the copper mines burned away the undergrowth until the soil was left to face the perpetual rain. Here, the rainfall is from 100-140 inches a year.

As we reach the crest of the climb we see a waterfall halfway up the mountain. This fall is seen only part of the year, for it runs only when there is heavy rain. We cannot buy any photographs of it and many people who have travelled into Queenstown have never seen it.

The colours of these mountain-sides defy description — yellows, oranges, puce, greens, blues. All shades imaginable glow in the light, misty rain as we pass. We turn the mountain for a sight of masses of worked ore, the mess that lies about every mining centre. But these masses show all these shades, too. There never was such a colourful devastation as this.

We pass through Gormanstown, a dying outpost of Queenstown. The main street is not unlike a scene from a cowboy film with frame stores and houses. Then we climb around the mountain again, past the lonely Queenstown cemetery, situated on a steep rise.

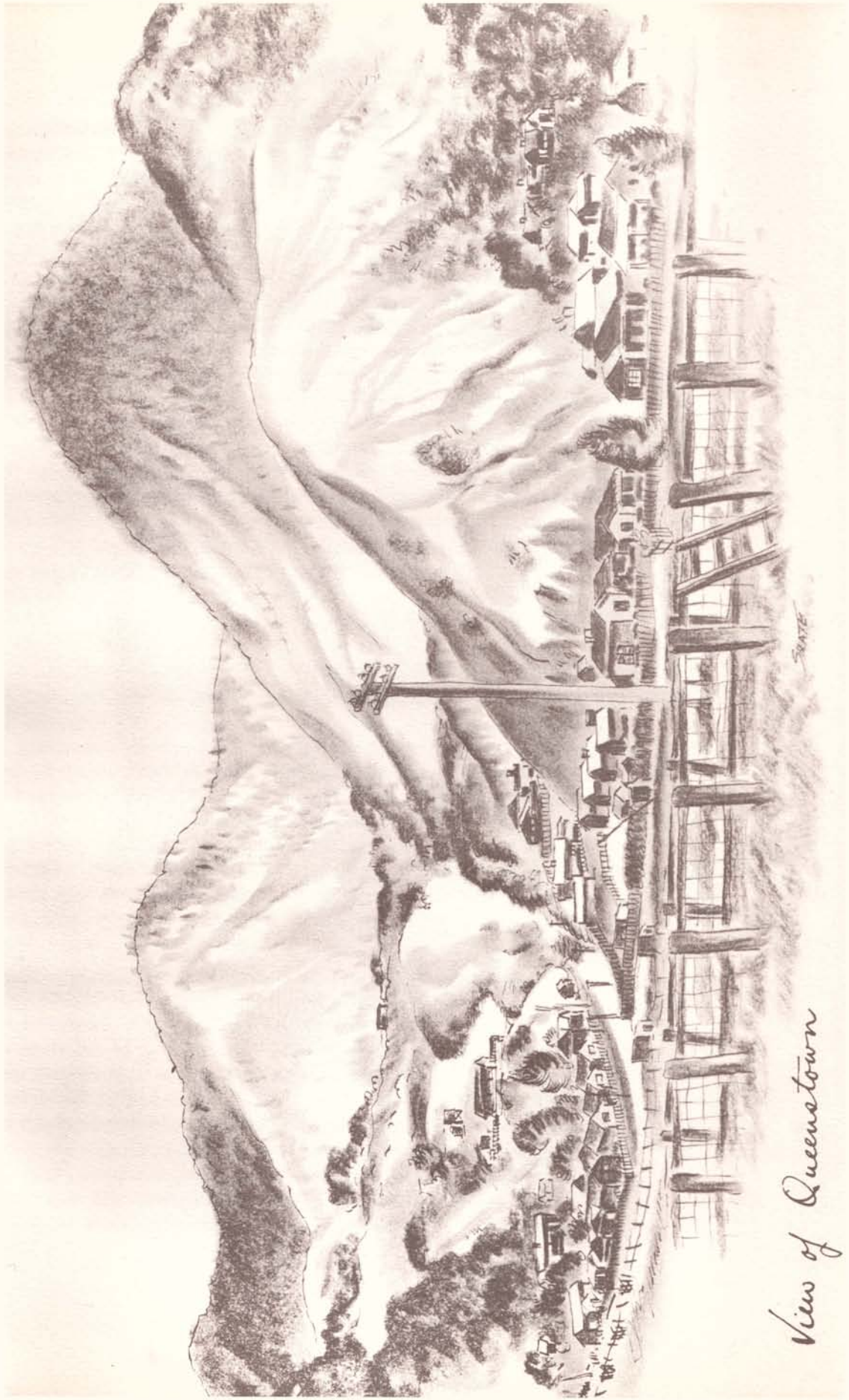
Pink, white, cream, mauve, chocolate, green, blue . . . we are still fascinated by these colours although we have been passing them for more than a quarter hour. The steep drop on the outside of the road, and the innumerable bends do not attract our attention as much as the colours of the country itself.

Then we sight Queenstown, huddling among the mountains as if it had been tipped in. We glimpse the Mount Lyell road, which turns off to the workings : this road is private and visitors are not allowed up there unless escorted.

There are few gardens down in Queenstown. We descend into the township to find that some miners have encouraged a patch of grass, a few flowers and one or two shrubs. But in general, Queenstown is the one township in Australia without parks, without lawns, with fewer flowers than any other township outside the Arctic. The roads are still that off-white colour.

As we alight from the car outside our hotel, opposite the little railway station of the line which runs to Zeehan, we look upon a different world. At first it is hideous. We go for a cup of tea up the street, feeling that living in this barren place must be a horror. All children wear red-riding-hood rain slickers and good boots, and few people are bare-headed. There are few days without rain here.

Out in the street again, we stroll about the town and gradually sense that this place has a beauty of its own. In the failing evening light, the township's setting is superb, in its way. These naked mountains, with their inconceivably varied colourings, occupy every view. No matter which way we turn — they seem to crowd into the very street we are in.



View of Queenstown

The destruction has been terrible. There is not a tree for miles about us. Now that new methods of refining the ore have reduced the volume of sulphur fumes pumped into the atmosphere, the country far beyond the town is, as we saw when we first entered the region, trying to grow again. But many years will pass before the bush is thick again. Perhaps it will never be as thick as it was when the first miners landed here.

The first copper ever reported in Australia was found by convicts at the Macquarie Harbour convict settlement on April 20, 1827, but the report was not followed up. When the terrible isolation of this region forced the authorities to abandon Macquarie Harbour, the region was deserted for many years. It was opened for convicts in 1821 (there were women here at first) and abandoned in 1833. For those twelve years it must have been a terror to the convicts stationed there, and anything but a joy to the guards. Although the station was so remote from any other settlement at that time, convicts did escape, more than ever escaped from Port Arthur. They preferred the forest to the prison camp. Most of them died in the dense bush and mountains of the West Coast, but some, like Mike Brady, escaped to become bushrangers near Hobart.

The most successful method of escape was by boat. The Government made the convicts build several schooners and boats for official use and the last of these was captured by a group of convicts while the evacuation was being prepared. Convicts generally tried to get hold of whaleboats to row along the coast to settlements near Hobart. The men who went overland mostly suffered frightful hardships.

The most horrible story of the entire convict period of Tasmanian history is the story of the cannibal Pearce, only survivor of a party of eight convicts who escaped in 1822. They killed each other off for food until only Pearce and one other remained. The scene between the two survivors, both afraid to sleep, terrified of each other, defies any comparison in fiction. Pearce was captured and sent back to Macquarie Harbour, where he made another escape the following year. This time Pearce confessed on recapture that he had killed his mate on the second break, and eaten him. A drawing made of him after death, now in the Launceston Museum, gives little indication of what a fiend he must have been.

Copper was first mined in South Australia. Today it is mined all over Australia, the chief Tasmanian mine being Mount Lyell.

In 1881 two prospectors named Lynch and Currie landed from a boat in Macquarie Harbour to look for gold. They and other prospectors found payable gold and a small rush developed. Mount Lyell itself was first prospected as a gold mine by the "Cooney" Brothers (really the McDonoughs) and Karlson, who pulled up grass on Mount Lyell one day, shook the soil from the tuft-roots into a dish, and panned it to find rich colour. Lyell became a gold rush centre, developing along real Wild West lines. This was one Australian gold rush in which gun-play was frequent and claim-jumping a growing habit.

In 1891, Kelly and Orr formed the Mount Lyell Mining Company (since 1893 it has been the Mount Lyell Mining and Railway Company) and imported an American engineer to erect a smelting plant to tackle the copper ore which Kelly

and Orr felt would be much richer than the gold. They were right. In the following 30 years more than £20,000,000 worth of copper, gold and by-products were extracted and £5,000,000 was paid in dividends.

And this from a mountain which was among those actually sighted by the Dutch skipper Tasman in 1642 : his superiors, who rejected his discoveries, must have turned in their graves frequently during the past generation.

Apart from the copper, large quantities of gold, silver, and pyritic concentrates are produced from this mountain of ore and the copper sulphate alone, a by-product of the electrolysis, is most valuable.

After dinner, those of us who are interested in the mine meet Tom Ring, old identity of Mount Lyell who came to Queenstown in 1898, and, apart from a two-year spell on the Mount Morgan copper mines in Queensland, has been here ever since. After a drive in the dark a mile up the mountain road, we turn off to the smelting works, where Tom Ring acts as our guide.

He explains there are six processes in copper refining — mining, crushing, grinding, smelting, converting, refining. We see the ore crushed in special machinery, surprised at the absence of dust : adequate wetting keeps the dust down. We see ore loaded into the smelters and we feel the blast of heat that comes from the furnace. We see the slag poured off, the remainder (called the matte) being 40 per cent. copper. Air is blown through the molten matte to free it from iron and sulphur, a second slag being poured off, while the sulphur comes away as a dioxide.

The scene in the smelters is magnificent — the rich colouring of the molten metal and slag, the showers of sparks, the general atmosphere of hell itself is here, with a rather frightening beauty.

Then the blister copper, which remains after all this smelting and is 99 per cent. pure, is electrolytically refined in the usual manner. The result is a sheet of pure copper, which is later melted into ingots or shipped away as it is. The gold and silver fall to the bottom of the big vats in the form of a sludge, which is treated separately.

We come away with souvenirs — pieces of ore, some of them black, some white quartz with chunks of almost pure copper protruding; pieces of the rough 99 per cent. pure copper picked from the furnace vessels after cooling; segments cut off the pure copper sheets during trimming.

Driving back through the darkness to our hotel, Tom Ring chats about the days when he arrived here, when the whole countryside was covered with thick forest such as we saw on the King William Saddle. He saw it gradually vanish as bushfires and then the sulphur fumes destroyed it. What an experience it must have been to see an entire countryside transformed in a few years ! Not even an atom bomb could have done the job so effectively, he agrees.

A chastening thought to take to bed with us as we have a last drink in the bar of the Empire Hotel.

Tarraleah — New Norfolk — Hobart

WE are away from Queenstown early — at 8.30 — for we have to run right across the island to Hobart in the next nine hours, a journey officially given as 158 miles. In two hours we are out of the fascinating West Coast. It is raining as we leave Queenstown and climb up into the mountains, following the same road as we saw yesterday past Derwent Bridge . . . through the devastated land east of Queenstown, through the burned-out valley, and into the rain forest. It rains off and on most of the time to Derwent Bridge (we can see that it will clear up later in the day, but morning and evening are rain time on the Coast), but that does not stop our ladies snatching at the snowberry bushes as we pass. When we reach Hobart all our ladies will be wearing snowberry sprays.

We stop at Derwent Bridge to have a drink, two hours out of Queenstown, and continue along the main road almost to Bronte, where the Lyell Highway turns south-east to Hobart and the Lake Road goes north. Our driver takes a road four miles this side of the crossroads, turning due south along the Hydro-Electric Commission's road to Tarraleah.

Much of the country from here on past Tarraleah is vested in the Hydro-Electric Commission and we pass the pylons again. They stand in clearings several hundred feet wide, cut across the landscape, through bush, over hill and down hill, like a road. An impressive sight.

After 12 miles of average bush country; with some pleasant views, we reach a high fence and gate. Now open, this gate once was the entry to the construction camps when Tarraleah was being built, and one needed official passes to enter. Remains of the old camp lie inside the gate, but a mile farther on a new township is arising. Pleasant wooden and brick bungalows have been built for the Commission's employees. Centre of the settlement is the Chalet, which is just beside the settlement's main tourist attraction. A sign outside the Chalet says it is 1955 feet above sea level.

Leaving the car at the Chalet we walk to the edge of a cliff and look down. From a canal behind us, water comes through enormous pipes which fall down the cliff face to the power station below. A spectacle that impresses even the smallest child, this is one of the few views which is really like its pictures. The valley below and the mountain sides beyond it dwarf the power station and remind us that Nature is after all much mightier than even engineers.

Tasmania has the greatest hydro resources in the Commonwealth; in fact, if the State developed its hydro potential to the limit, it could produce 1,750,000 horsepower, or about 7 h.p. per head of population.

This State was the first to exploit hydro-electric power, when in 1895 Launceston harnessed the South Esk River to generate 600 h.p. In 1911 a small dam was constructed at the outlet from the Great Lake and a system of canals and pipelines built to convey the water from the Lake to Waddamanna. A local mining company evolved this scheme to secure power for the treatment of its ore, but the Government took over in 1914, and a Hydro-Electric Department was created.

In 1916, two 5000 h.p. turbo alternators were installed at Waddamanna and power was generated for Hobart. The horsepower was increased to 66,000 after 1919 by the construction of a dam at Miena (the dam we saw at the end of the Lake) to draw off 610 cubic feet a second (330,000,000 gallons a day). The water flows down a canal by the Shannon River to Waddamanna, falls 1125 feet through pipes, and turns the turbines which produce the power at the power-house.

The Commission, formed in 1930, began the Tarraleah Scheme in 1934 because even the Waddamanna output was insufficient for Tasmania's growing industrial needs. By 1938 three 21,000 h.p. units were in action. Today the capacity is 105,000 h.p.

As we see when we drive away from the Chalet past the canal, an enormous quantity of water is required to produce electric power. Tarraleah alone uses 900 cubic feet per second — enough water to give every man, woman and child in the Commonwealth 70 gallons a day, or enough to fill the entire requirements of New York or London. Fortunately the rainfall in the Great Lake and Lake St. Clair regions is high — Tarraleah's water comes from Lake St. Clair, where there is a pumping station. The annual fall ranges from 60 inches at Tarraleah to about 90 inches at Lake St. Clair. The canal itself is 29 feet wide at the top, 14 feet wide at the bottom, and six feet deep. The water flows very fast and the bottom and sides have had to be concreted to stand the wear and tear. Nobody may swim in the canal because of the pace at which the water flows through and the obvious difficulty of getting out of a concrete bed. Kangaroos are sometimes caught in the canal and swept away without hope.

Tasmania boasts three-quarters of the entire hydro-electric potential of the Commonwealth. Of the 1,750,000 h.p. she could develop, only 197,900 are now available. Fortunately, the Great Lake and Lake St. Clair are right in the heart of the Island, at considerable height above sea-level (2500-3000 feet), so that any part of the island can easily be contacted with pylons. As a result Tasmanians enjoy hydro-power without the annoying interruptions of the mainland, where most power is produced by coal. They are charged twopence to fourpence a unit for lighting, three-farthings to a penny for domestic power, a third of a penny for water heating, and a farthing to a halfpenny for motive power. Special rates are given to industrial plants.

Tasmania could develop enough power to supply all Victoria's needs, if a line were laid across the bottom of the Strait.

Already surveyed are other schemes, including one on the Pieman River, in the lonely region of the North-West beyond Waratah (120,000 h.p.); another on the Mersey (85,000 h.p.); and one on the Lower Nive (80,000 h.p.). So far hydro development has cost the State about £9,500,000, but the Commission, in spite of cheap rates, is showing a profit after paying all interest, exchange and sinking fund charges.

(The only large private hydro development is that of the Mount Lyell Mining and Railway Company at Lake Margaret, which can supply 10,000 h.p.)

After following the canal for a mile or so, we cross it and continue on the Commission's road, passing the over-wide trucks which the Commission is licensed to operate only within its own region. We see some first-class bush before we run

out of the Commission's country into the farmlands about Ouse — the only real township since we left Queenstown a hundred miles behind. Away on the left is Arthur's Seat : that Governor certainly did like leaving his name scattered about Tasmania !

And what a contrast this country is ! We are entering the famous Derwent Valley, one of the most fertile areas in the Commonwealth. Little townships and villages and old farms are scattered everywhere.

We stop for lunch at the famous Bridge Hotel. A real inn, this, and in the right setting, too. For all about us are hopfields, not unlike the hop country in Kent, England. The quaint constructions we see once or twice near the road are hop kilns, where the hops are prepared.

Built of finely masoned stone, the Bridge Hotel is the sort of place we would expect to see in a Dickens film. Lunch is quite an adventure there, and afterwards we visit the church opposite for a few minutes. This is constructed of the same stone as the hotel: they were probably built by the same hands about the same time. The hotel was built over a century ago, but not in 1815, as some people claim.

At Ouse we are on the main Lyell Highway again, but about four miles down the road after lunch we turn off along a country road which takes us through some of the prettiest imaginable hop and small-fruit country. Raspberries, loganberries, black currants, strawberries and other small fruits are grown here in enormous quantities for the Tasmanian jam factories. There are patches of bush, too, though these are vastly different from the bush we saw this morning — they contain a good deal of real mainland blue gums. Beyond Ellendale and Fentonbury, little country townships where life must pass very quietly and sedately, we turn off again at Westerway along the road into the National Park.

The National Park is a 38,500 acres stretch of bush and mountain country around Mount Field and Lake Seal, which afford some fine ski-ing and hikes for Hobart holidaymakers. The Park was reserved longer ago than most Tasmanians realise, for it was the encroachment of settlers along the Derwent Valley which, threatening to overlap the Lady Barren and Russell Falls, caused the Hon. L. M. Shoobridge, M.L.C., to coax the Government to secure 300 acres about Russell Falls as a park, 80 years ago. Shoobridge, by the way, was one of a group of enthusiasts who tried to have the Derwent Valley Railway pushed through to the West Coast to Queenstown. If this had been done, the modern history of the West would have been very different.

Lake Fenton is 3450 feet above sea-level and Mount Field 4721, and we are told that the views from the Lake and the peaks are magnificent. A good road runs right through the Park, while there are camping huts all about.

We stop at a picnic ground just inside the entrance to the Park. After a quarter-mile walk through thick, ferny bushland we come upon the Falls. Like the falls we saw the day before yesterday in the North, the Russell Falls are in tiers and the most energetic of us climb up to secure a good view. It is well worth the trouble, too. Small by Niagara standards, these falls have a pretty setting and a charming form, rather like a veil. We can see that a holiday among the

dozen lakes and many mountains of the Park would be delightful, winter or summer. Only 45 miles from Hobart, this Park is very popular among Tasmanians.

As we return to the main road (not the Highway, however) at Westerway, we pass the pipeline from Lake Fenton, which supplies part of Hobart's outer suburbs with water.

On we go through hopfields, between hawthorn hedges, red with berries, the road delightfully English even to the uneven metal surface. Then we have a panorama of a great valley, a view that might be in Wiltshire, Kent, or any of the rural counties of Southern England. Below us is the Shoobridge Estate, where hops and poplars divide the landscape and make it warm with colour in the autumn.

Through Glenora we go, along the Derwent River, whose headwaters we saw in Lake St. Clair yesterday. We pass one of the homes of Yates' Seeds, which many of us have used in our mainland gardens, and on to Plenty. Here we turn off through gates to visit the Salmon Ponds.

Here is the very home of the trout for which hundreds of people come from all over the world. Every stream in Tasmania seems to be a trout stream, every river is stocked, and in season there is no accessible place in the State which does not boast its resident or touring fishermen. For Tasmania is the fishing paradise of all Australia.

Back in 1858 the Royal Society of Tasmania proposed bringing trout and salmon ova from Britain, and in 1860 and 1862 attempts were actually made. But not until the ship *Norfolk* arrived at Melbourne in April, 1864, was the experiment successful. She carried 100,000 salmon ova and some thousands of trout ova under the care of a man named Ramsbottom. Just why there is no memorial to Ramsbottom I don't know, for he certainly did a great deal for Tasmania in bringing out those eggs. From Melbourne the eggs were taken in a warship to Hobart. The people were so happy about the whole thing that they actually met the 30,000 surviving eggs at New Norfolk with a salvo of guns and a brass band!

A hatchery was established where we are standing now and the first trout was hatched on May 4, 1864 — the first trout ever seen south of the Equator. Many of the trout in the Victorian and New South Wales rivers are descended from those first Tasmanian eggs, for Tasmania sent many ova to the mainland to stock Victorian and N.S.W. streams. The first trout seen in a Tasmanian river was reported in 1867, and the first salmon was taken on December 4, 1873.

What with a special male nurse, a special warship, and a brass band, the Tasmanian *Salmo Fario* started off pretty well in life. He hasn't gone back, either. Five million Rainbow Trout and Brown Trout eggs are laid down every year at these hatcheries, and half a million are raised to yearlings in the rearing ponds. They have taken to Tasmanian conditions so well that, while the English angler is happy to land a two-pounder, your Tasmanian lands them up to ten pounds. The record Brown Trout killed in Tasmania was 29 lb. weight, 35½ inches long and 26 inches round the middle, caught in 1887 by (very properly, too) the then Governor, Sir Robert Hamilton, a mile from the bridge across the Huon at Huonville. Tomorrow we lunch at a hotel just beside that bridge.

There are five other hatcheries controlled by the Fisheries Commission: Miena, on the Great Lake, with a capacity of a million ova; Waverley, near Laun-

ceston, 350,000; Wynyard, near Burnie, 250,000; Lake Margaret, on the West Coast, 200,000; and Lobster Creek, near Ulverstone, 450,000. There are only two rearing ponds, however: this one at Plenty and the larger one at Miena. In an average year the Commission collects some 6,000,000 ova (about three Rainbow Trout to every two Brown Trout).

In a half-hour we look through the Plenty Hatcheries, where our driver feeds liver to the large "stud" trout, kept for breeding. In various ponds are tiny trout at various stages of their rather brief careers and the anglers among us spend a most interesting time. The hatcheries are rather like a garden, with well-kept lawns and fine trees. A delightful place to work in.

And off we go again along the Derwent, now a wide and impressive stream, to join the main highway at New Norfolk. A lovely river, this, with wide flats on one side, which are thick with hops and farms. This was the valley along which the settlers advanced in the 1820's from Hobart, making it a new England.

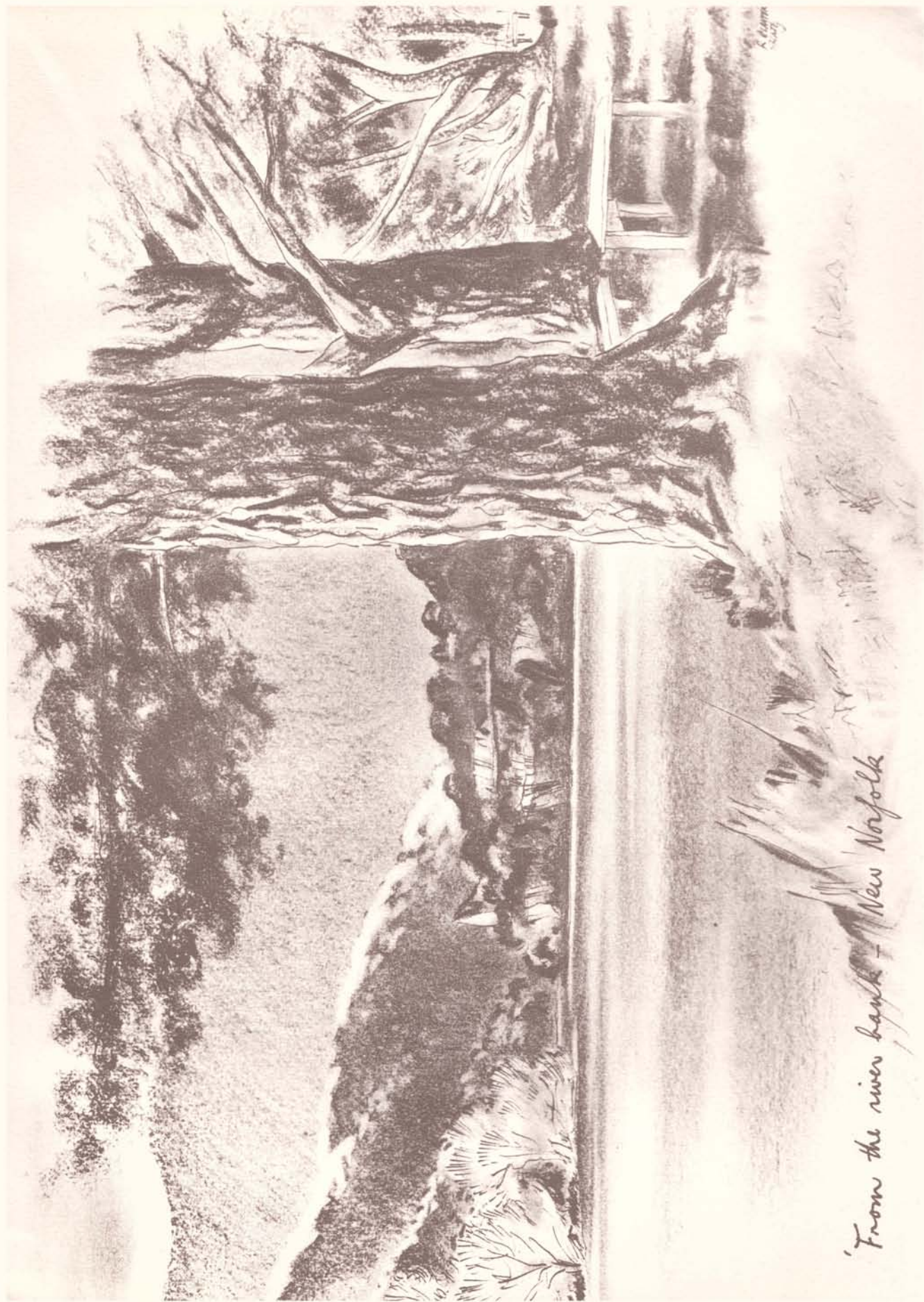
New Norfolk is connected with Hobart by boat, which offers a very pleasant river trip for tourists. We enter from the north by car, to find an attractive town, rather new now, but with old churches.

St. Matthew's, Church of England, which dates from 1825, contains the bells taken from the convict church at Port Arthur. There used to be a tower, the minister tells us, but the main fabric could not stand the strain and the tower had to come down. Inside, the visitor notes a window in thanksgiving for J. A. Moore's deliverance from shipwreck in 1865, a memorial with something of a story, we imagine. Outside, the church is memorable for its unique set of cavities in which small tablets in honour of the war dead may be fixed. The idea of a wall-of-honour is new to us — it may well be copied by other churches.

Most famous building in the town is the celebrated Bush Inn. New Norfolk was founded in 1808, and this hotel was built just seven years later by Mrs. Ann Bridger. The designer was D. W. Bush (hence the name), who was a clerk in the service of the Rev. Bobby Knopwood, the first chaplain in Tasmania. Knopwood, by the way, celebrated the first service in Victoria, for he was chaplain with the Collins expedition to Port Phillip in 1803. He may have been connected with the Royal Family: he certainly was a friend of George IV.'s and was well known about the exclusive London clubs until his debts compelled him to work for his living in the Colonies. Knopwood is one of the most fruity characters in Tasmanian history and we can quite imagine him preaching in St. Matthew's one minute and quenching his thirst at the Bush Inn the next.

All the old parts of the Inn are preserved, some of the brick walls being supported on roughly-squared logs. New buildings have been added, of course. The original skittle alley in the cellar is now a storeroom.

In the cellars are six bottles of Maraschino, bottled in Vienna in 1821, bearing the old Imperial seal of the House of Hapsburg on their bases; they were hand-blown and the enthusiasts who see them stay to admire. It is doubtful whether the contents will be drunk, although 120 years will not have spoilt them. (Liqueurs will not spoil with age.) The bottles were once kept in the bar, but now are carefully put away.



'From the river bank - New Norfolk

K. G. G. G.

From the large hotel verandah looking over the Derwent River, William Vincent Wallace was inspired to write the aria *Scenes That Are Brightest* for his opera *Maritana* in 1838. Wallace was on a tour of the world at that time, having spent a year in Sydney before coming to Tasmania. He had an interesting time after he left Tasmania for New Zealand; he joined a whaling expedition, on which the Maori crew mutinied and killed all but three of the white men aboard. But he lived to see the opera produced at Drury Lane Theatre, London, in May 1845.

Owner of the Bush Inn today is Mr. L. N. Cowburn, the third generation to run this hotel. He may often be seen serving at his own bar and if you catch him when he is not too busy, he is a most interesting man to talk to. In the old lounge is a sennotype (old photograph) of D. W. Bush, who planned the place, a piano on which Dame Nellie Melba accompanied herself while singing airs from *Maritana* in 1924, and some very charming and valuable antiques. From this Inn, the first trunkline call in the Commonwealth is said to have been made in 1888 by the then proprietor, and in 1932 *Maritana* was broadcast over the radio from the very room and verandah in which it was partly written.

The Bush Inn is today Tasmania's oldest existing hotel.

But it is getting near dinnertime and we must be at the Imperial Hotel for dinner in Hobart by six. So we drive along the wide highway which runs right into Hobart, 21 miles away.

A little way down the river we see the Boyer Newsprint Mills across the water, one of the finest factory building blocks in the Commonwealth, which produces paper for many of Australia's newspapers. More than a million pounds capital investment has been put into this factory, partly by the Tasmanian Government, which has an interest, and another £2,000,000 will be spent before the mill is at peak production of 100,000 tons a year. At present, production is about a third of that figure. Newsprint is produced from Tasmanian hardwood by processes similar to those used at Burnie.

The flats by the river, says the driver, are a protected area for birds, and we notice that the ducks and swans take no notice of traffic. Further along is the Bridgewater Bridge, across which Hobart-Launceston traffic flows. Below that is the Cadbury chocolate and sweet factory at Claremont, another fine factory block, and then we enter the suburbs of Hobart — Montrose, Glenorchy, Moonah and Newtown, where we are among the trams and buses.

We are back in Hobart, after a thousand miles of travel by road.

After dinner this evening, a party of us go along to the Theatre Royal to see a modern variety programme in Australia's oldest theatre. For the Theatre Royal was opened in 1837 and it has changed hardly at all since that night. In no other Australian theatre is there such an atmosphere of intimacy as this tiny house, where once shone the jewels and satins of officers' ladies. Artists say the dressing rooms are the draughtiest in the world, that the stage arrangements are archaic. But any attempt to deprive Hobart of its ancient theatre is bitterly attacked. No new theatre could have this atmosphere.

Next morning we are away again for a day's trip down the Hucn.



"Mary's Hope Road": New Town.

Through Huon Peninsula

GETTING off sharp at 9.30, we first run up to the top of Mount Wellington — or as far as the snow will let us go, if it is in the wintertime. Within a few minutes we are climbing the mountain road under the Organ Pipes, those enormous striations in the bare rock which are plainly visible down in Hobart. Below us the view spreads until, as we reach the top of the Mountain — 4166 feet — we can see all about us for as far as sixty miles. The coach stops on top, above the tree-line, where only stunted shrubs grow, and where the wind is bitter and strong. On a clear day we can see Cradle Mountain, says the driver as we alight from the coach.

Cold as it is up there, it is worth our while getting out of the bus. Around us is a view such as we have seen from aircraft. Ahead are the peninsulas between the Derwent and Frederick Henry Bay, and Tasman's and Forestier's, where we toured only a few days ago. Below is Hobart, spread out like a map, with the smoky blur of the Risdon Electrolytic Zinc Works beyond it. The Harbour Bridge is a white line. Beaches are a yellow curved line. To the right are North and South Bruny Islands and Huon Peninsula, where we are going now. Behind us is the Derwent Valley, fringed by the mountain ranges of the Centre and the West.

It is a view that has awed thousands of visitors and we are not exceptions. We will remember this view for the remainder of our lives.

Five minutes later we are half-way down the mountain at a chalet, which has a view almost as fine as that from the top. What a place to stay at! In winter there is ski-ing a few yards away. We enjoy one of the finest morning teas we have seen in Tasmania — scones, jam, cream, toast, cake, and fresh tea — with an unequalled appetite. And look through the windows over the Huon Peninsula and the D'Entrecasteaux Channel.

Then we are away again down the mountain side into Longley, among the small-fruit orchards, which grow raspberries and strawberries for the Hobart market. And then into the apple country.

The Huon country lives on apples, being the centre of the Tasmanian apple industry. All through this 90-miles trip back to Hobart we will pass orchards, with some of the finest apples we will ever see. It is a pity some Tasmanian hotels do not put some on the table. The State has 22,000 acres under apples, producing up to five million bushels a year, yet we find it very difficult to buy a decent apple in Hobart and practically impossible to secure a raw apple at a hotel anywhere in Tasmania. The ground in these orchards is thick with fallen apples in the autumn: the Government pays orchardists for their crop and thousands of bushels are allowed to rot. To the man-in-the-street this seems senseless, but it is taken for granted in Tasmania. In springtime, by the way, these orchards are a lovely sight, with the pinks and whites of apple and pear trees.

The first apples ever planted in Tasmania were those put down by the same William Bligh who was skipper of the *Bounty* of mutiny fame in 1788. There were no settlers in Van Diemen's Land then, and Bligh planted the young trees purely to see how they would fare on this side of the world.

We come down into the Huon Valley to have lunch at Huonville, at a hotel by the bridge across the Huon River. In the bush beyond the river, some of the world's best shipbuilding timber has been cut for a century — Huon Pine. There are pines as high as 300 feet. One famous Huon Pine had a hollow in which in 1854 the Governor and 78 politicians and their friends dined.

The township is lively and has many new homes, giving the impression that the apple country is flourishing.

We get away quickly after lunch to follow the Huon as it widens into a long estuary, affording us a very pretty drive for miles. The hills and bush and orchards blend with the widening Huon into a lovely countryside that has a charm of its own. This country is distinctive and quite apart from the rest of Tasmania, with a charm of special appeal for ladies, judging by the reactions of our party.

Then we go across country to Cygnet, a little port on its own harbour off the salt mouth of the Huon, where little steamers load apples for Hobart, and then we follow the coast all the way back to Hobart.

This country is very old in the story of Tasmania. The French Admiral D'Entrecasteaux was along here in 1792 and the Huon is named after his second-in-command. At first the great numbers of whales alone attracted ships — whales once spouted right up the Derwent and Huon to fresh water. Then, in 1829, the value of the Huon Pine was realised and 200 tons were cut to be sold in London, where the wood proved to be first-class for shipbuilding. Slipways went up, and in the next few years some of the best-known of the Tasmanian coastal sailing ships were built here. Orchards were not planted until 1841.

As we "turn the corner" of the Peninsula, we drive along in sight of Bruny Island, called North and South Bruny Islands, because the connecting neck is awash at high tide. Scallop boats are out in D'Entrecasteaux Channel, their stern gear easily recognised. We pass an island with a hole in it — Arch Island, a rock through which the sea has penetrated.

The run along here is a delight. There are few highlights. The joy of the run is simply the continued blend of sky, bush, orchards, sea, islands, and an occasional township such as Gordon, Middleton, Woodbridge, and Kettering.

Bruny Island, opposite, was discovered by Tasman in 1642, and should be Bruni, which was D'Entrecasteaux' Christian name. The native name for it was Lunawannah-alonna, which is more poetic but more difficult.

We run on through Snug, the curiously-named township on North-West Bay, where an Area School was opened in 1947 — a very imposing structure. On a side road, at Electra, are the Australian Commonwealth Carbide Works, the only carbide factory in the South Pacific. We find Margate is very unlike its English original, though both are seaside places, and then we run into Kingston for afternoon tea at a cafe on the beach.

Kingston is the modern name for Brown's River, and most Hobart people use the old name. A few years ago it was a quiet beach with only a few houses, but today seaside cottages and the homes of retired people form a growing township. The beach is excellent, very safe, and there is fine fishing and a beautifully situated golf course — all eleven miles from Hobart. The place should have a big future as a resort. Brown's River was named after a botanist who was on these coasts with

Flinders and who later explored the Huon country. At first, the polite Van-demonians called this *Mr. Brown's River*. Years after he left, the district produced a type of potato which was very popular in Hobart for many years.

We pass through Tarooma, where there is a memorial to the first white man buried on Tasmanian soil; and then cross the Hobart city boundary. On the way is Sandy Bay, where John Woodcock Graves is buried. Graves himself is unknown to modern children, but millions of them sing a song written about him . . . *John Peel*. He was the most English of Englishmen.

A little further on is the finest hotel in Tasmania, Wrest Point.

And so we are back in Hobart again.

Our Tasmanian tour is ended. We take the driver out to a show; we enjoy supper at the Imperial Hotel; and the following morning we meet again at breakfast rather perturbed at the idea that this is our last morning together.

But we get out into the city, determined to see all we can before the Ansett plane leaves for Melbourne. One or two of us are staying over for a few days, and will probably take a run up to Richmond, which has the oldest and most beautiful bridge and the oldest church (St. John's) in the State, and other lovely old buildings. One person is going through the main road to Launceston, calling at Oatlands and Ross, and will go back home from Launceston.

We plan a little tour of our own round Hobart. We visit St. David's Park, a few minutes' walk from the Post Office, where the old tombstones of the cemetery which once occupied this spot are now lined all round the walls. Governor David Collins himself is buried there, the man who founded Tasmania — and might have founded Victoria, with any better luck than he had. The tombstones date back 140 years, for the first white person to die after the settlement was founded is buried here.

From the Park we stroll down into Salamanca Place, which, with Estray Esplanade, is one of the oldest streets in the Commonwealth. It faces the waterfront and comprises a row of freestone buildings erected during the 1830's and completely unspoilt. A local resident tells us proudly that it is the only ancient street in Australia which has survived intact.

Leading from Salamanca Place to Battery Point are an alleyway and steps known as Kelly's Steps, named after Captain James Kelly. This skipper began an interesting sea-life with an ambush by Maoris on a voyage to New Zealand in 1817: he had to fight for his life with a billhook to save himself from a Maori pot, for the Maoris were cannibals after battle in those days. The next year his ship was seized by convicts in Sydney Harbour, but he got out of that predicament, too. Then he sailed round Tasmania in a whaleboat, possibly discovering Macquarie Harbour, and decided he liked Hobart Town well enough to settle down there.

Kelly founded a whaling business. Historians believe his whalers were the first to go right down to the Ross Sea, in Antarctica, and that his sealing ships discovered new islands in the Antarctic Ocean. He made a fortune, bought most of Bruny Island, and then lost the lot. A salty character.

Above Salamanca Place, overlooking the harbour, is the Old Signal Station, where a semaphore stood in the convict days. At that time a message could be flashed by a chain of semaphore stations right from Port Arthur to Hobart in a

matter of seconds. The Station is still occupied, and flags fly there to signal the arrival of ships.

We stroll down Davey Street and through Macquarie Street, admiring the century-old houses, once the homes of officials, officers and rich Vandemonians, now mostly offices. Ingle Hall, Macquarie Street, for example, was built in 1814, and is today an insurance company's offices: in 1846 Hutchins School was opened there before the present school was built. The Returned Soldiers' Association occupies a century-old home which is one of the finest houses in the State.

Nobody with a feeling for architecture can be tired strolling through Hobart's old streets. Nowhere else in Australia, not even in the older parts of Sydney, are there so many well-preserved buildings of the delightful Georgian period as in Hobart.

If this morning happens to be the day of the draw of winning tickets in Tattersall's Sweep, we must go along to see the draw in the drawing room—the building is almost opposite the Imperial Hotel.

George Adams, who founded Tatt's, began operations in Tattersall's Hotel (O'Brien's) in Pitt Street, Sydney, which he bought for £40,000 in 1884. He was an Englishman who had emigrated to Australia at 16 in 1855 and had made his way by rugged character. He had big ideas: the marble bar he built in that Sydney hotel cost him £32,000.

Adams decided to run a sweep to take in the loose money that was always floating about the bar on races, and in 1881 (he was renting the hotel before he bought it) he ran the first Tattersall's Sweep on the Sydney Cup. First prize was £900.

An immediate success, the sweep was famous by 1893, when the New South Wales Parliament passed a Bill declaring all sweeps illegal in that Colony. Adams went to Brisbane, where the politicians did the same thing to him. The funny part of it is that both States now run State lotteries on a tremendous scale. In 1895 Adams decided to go to Hobart.

Tasmania was selected because in 1895 the directors of the Bank of Van Diemen's Land, who had been compelled to close their doors during the big slump in the 1890's, could not meet their creditors by putting the bank's assets on the open market. The slump had lowered prices so badly that the sale would never meet the creditors' demands. But they were a sporting lot, these bank directors, and they asked Adams to come down from Brisbane to run a lottery on the bank's assets — mostly land, which was then at rockbottom prices. He issued 100,000 tickets at a pound each and the bank paid off everybody.

Tasmanians were so grateful they let him come to Hobart to carry on Tattersall's, which opened for business in Hobart in January, 1896. The first Tasmanian sweep was on the Randwick Anniversary Handicap, first prize £900.

Since 1897, however, the Tasmanian Government has rigidly controlled the sweep operations, and every phase of every lottery is under the close scrutiny of Government officials. Today, Tatt's run one sweep a week, offering a first prize of £10,000. Once a year the prize is £50,000, when the sweep is run in conjunction with the Melbourne Cup. Nowadays, the ordinary weekly sweeps are not run on races. The trouble was that racketeers got in touch with holders of tickets which

had drawn horses. These days, the names of the people who draw horses in the Cup are kept secret until after the race is run. Otherwise the ticketholders would be pestered by every crook and crank in the country.

To Tasmania the sweeps mean a great deal : one seventh of Tasmanian taxation with the Melbourne Cup. Nowadays, the ordinary weekly sweeps are not run other than the Federal Grant and Income Tax.

The draw is a most interesting spectacle and in watching it we can judge the truth of Tatt's claim to be one of the most honest businesses on earth. Every move is watched by officials and there is no chance for anything to go wrong.

The romance of the draw, of course, is fascinating. As the first ball is drawn from the barrel, by some visiting celebrity, generally, thousands of ticketholders are sitting by their radios waiting to hear the name announced. In a few seconds a dozen lives can be transformed merely by the drawing of a wooden ball from a barrel. You may criticise the social implications of the system, but you cannot deny the romance and fascination of it.

And so back to the Imperial Hotel. We do a little shopping, trying to buy some good apples, for example, and then sit down to our final meal on Tasmanian soil. A chat with our friends, who were strangers ten days ago, and we are picked up by the tender to go out to Cambridge airport.

Within an hour we are flying north again across Tasmania, homeward bound on an Ansett Douglas. We peer down through the windows trying to locate the roads we used when we were running up the East Coast. But we are too far inland. However, we do see the Cataract Gorge at Launceston — from several thousand feet it looks like a big gash. And then, before we know it, we are over the Strait.

Victoria's coastline is in sight . . . the Promontory . . . Port Phillip Bay . . . the beaches . . . we are on the way home. . . .



